

# Américas

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# Américas

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Cover: Pucará bull and paintings from Peruvian Ambassador Berckemeyer's collection (See "The Bullfight in Washington," p. 9).  
*Suerte de Varas*, water color by Pharamond Blanchard; *Bravo Toro*, Goya lithograph; *Portrait of a Bull*, by Luis Juliá; *Suerte de Mojarra*, by the nineteenth-century Peruvian mulatto Pancho Fierro; a *picador* in action, painted by Manuel Rodríguez de Guzmán. Photographs courtesy National Gallery of Art

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## CONTRIBUTORS

This month's challenging comment on "War and the U.S. People" comes from the well-known historian HENRY STEELE COMMAGER, Pennsylvania-born, educated at the Universities of Chicago and Copenhagen, Denmark. Professor Commager has been connected with Columbia University for the past eleven years, infecting his students with his absorbing interest in U.S. history. A restless, informal lecturer, he talks about the life story of a nation as intimately as if he were discussing the life of a close friend. Facing back and forth before his audience, he frequently injects a casual note of humor into his discussion, which is always as much commentary as fact. The titles of his books also reflect his specialty: *The Heritage of America*, *Our Nation*, *America: the Story of a Free People*—all written in collaboration with others. His most recent book is *The American Mind*, published this year.



Colleagues who worked with musicologist CARLETON SPRAGUE SMITH in the U.S. Consulate at São Paulo, Brazil, during the war describe him as gay, good-looking, and charming, with tremendous energy. In "Song of Brazil" he describes another energetic man of music whom he has known for the past ten years—Brazilian composer Heitor Villa-Lobos. Dr. Smith is head of the Music Division of the New York Public Library, a post he has held since 1921; he also teaches music and Latin American history at New York University. Educated at Harvard and at the University of Vienna, he has been a history instructor at Columbia University, chairman of the Music Committee in the Coordinator's Office, author and commentator on the CBS Music of Americas School of the Air. Besides his stint in São Paulo as cultural officer, he spent a year lecturing in Brazil (1942-43) at the invitation of a local literary society.



"Twentieth Century Bolivian Letters" was written by a Bolivian man of letters, FERNANDO DIEZ DE MEDINA, whose work has been translated into English, French, Italian, German, Portuguese, and Rumanian. A newspaperman by profession, he has been editor of several daily papers. In the field of literature he has published two volumes of poetry, three of essays, and two faithful biographies. This year he plans to bring out *Strapaja*, a volume of essays, and *Vuyajama*, a collection of Andean mythology in chapbook form. In addition he has written many magazine articles. He is a member of the Institute of Ibero-American Literature in the United States and the *Ateneo Nacional de Ciencias y Artes* (National Society of Arts and Sciences) of Mexico.



FRED AND MARY DEL VILLAR, who joined forces to write "Television—Scourge or Blessing?" were married in Mexico in 1948 and are shown on an anniversary trip to Cuernavaca. Fred has been a foreign correspondent in Brazil and Argentina, and has contributed to many magazines and newspapers. Mary was with the U.S. Army in Puerto Rico during the war, later joined Transradio Press for five years, first as a staff correspondent, then as assistant chief of the Washington Bureau. She is the author of several short stories, and collaborates with her husband on the translation of books and recently of a movie script. At present they live in Brooklyn.

Book reviewers include BEATRICE NEWHALL, head of the PAU Translation Section, who considers Motolinia's history of New Spain. Her great interest in Spanish colonial history dates back some years to the time she translated several sixteenth-century Spanish manuscripts and was first impressed by the charm of Old Spanish. Vivacious MARY GENIRA ORAM, who studied at Markham College in São Paulo, was assistant to a newspaper publisher, and later to Frank Oram—who has since become her husband—in the Brazilian office of the U.S. Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs. Mrs. Oram discusses an English translation of the biography of Brazilian statesman Joaquim Nabuco by his daughter, Carolina, the novelist. HERNANE TAVARES DE SÁ, special assistant to the U.S. Secretary General, comments on the homages to early Vatican diplomats in Brazil, written by Brazilian Ambassador to the OAS, Dr. Hildebrando Accioly.

Opposite: The Encounter of the Gauchos, oil, 1864, by Argentine painter Prilidiano Pueyrredón

# WAR *and the U.S. people*

Henry Steele Commager \*

WAR DRAMATIZES AND ACCENTUATES the national character, for war is the greatest of crises, and it is in crisis that men slough off the superfluous and reveal the essential. War brings out both the best and the worst in a people, but always the most typical: what is good becomes noble, what is generous becomes magnanimous, what is talent becomes genius; conversely, what is bad becomes wicked, what is arbitrary, despotic, and what is merely incompetence comes to spell disaster. It is in war, too, that character counts most, for as Francis Bacon said centuries ago, "Walled Townes, Stored Arcenalls and Armouries, Goodly Races of Horse, Chariots of Warre, Ordnance, Artillery, and the like: All this is but a Sheep in a Lions Skin, except the Breed and disposition of the People be stout and warlike. Nay Numbers in Armies importeth not much, where the People is of weake Courage."

At a time when the United States has become the military leader of the Western world, the whole world is of necessity interested in those traits of character that have emerged in past wars and can be expected to emerge in any future war. Nor can we, alas, say that concern for the manifestation of character in wartime is concern for the abnormal. It is sobering to reflect how much of U.S. history has been taken up, in one way or another, with war, preparation for war, or solution of the problems left by war. During the century and three-quarters since Independence, the United States has been engaged in major wars for twenty-five years—one year out of every seven of national existence. If the periods of preparation and of reconstruction were added, the proportion would be much larger. During the last decade war has become the normal and peace the abnormal situation. Nor is there any compelling reason to believe that the next decade will usher in the reign of peace. Even if the United States does not become involved in a major war—and with it the rest of the Western world—there is every reason to believe that she will have to continue on a war basis, and that her economy, her politics, her diplomacy, and her psychology will be closer to that of war than to that of peace.

War dramatizes the familiar, emphasizes what already exists, rather than creating something new. It is important, therefore, to know the familiar qualities of a people. "What kind of people do they think we are?" Winston Churchill asked, at one of the great crises of history, and it was because Hitler and Mussolini failed to appreciate the kind of people the British were—and the kind of people North Americans were—that they went down to calamitous defeat. It is urgent that the

rest of the world—friends and enemies alike—know what kind of people North Americans are. It is important particularly to know how North Americans react to the threat of war, to war itself, and to the reconstruction that comes after war.

Let us then look at some of the qualities the people of the United States have revealed when, in the past, they have been confronted by the issues of war. We can discern, I think, both principles and policies that are consistent over several generations; we can detect, too, some modifications that have come under the pressure of total war.

There is first the principle that the civil is superior to the military—a principle inherited from the British and flourishing in all English-speaking countries. This principle, which North Americans take pretty much for granted, is the exception, however, rather than the rule. It was not to be found generally on the European Continent; it is not found today in Russia or in the Far East. It is not found in any totalitarian country, for there the civil and the military are merged. Yet North Americans have fairly consistently maintained this principle. It is recognized in the U.S. constitutional system, which makes the President commander-in-chief of the armed forces of the nation: a position far more than merely titular. It has always been recognized by the army itself, by leading generals, and by the public, and is an important part of the U.S. tradition. The United States has never known a military coup—Wilkinson's treachery was the closest thing to it, and it was not very close. When the Revolutionary army threatened to take things in its own hands, Washington appeared

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American colonists, enraged at British policies, tear down statue of George III in Revolutionary War. At Lexington, they left it to royalists to fire the first shot



Paul Revere makes famous ride to warn Massachusetts populace that "the British are coming"

Below: The American Revolution at sea: battle between Serapis and Bonhomme Richard under John Paul Jones, July 22, 1779



before his officers and pleaded with them to trust the Congress to remedy their grievances. During the Civil War, McClellan occasionally tried to formulate policies, but his advice was disregarded and in the end he was dismissed. Lee, who commanded far greater respect throughout the South than President Davis, was always rigidly subordinate to the President, and it is recalled that after the war Lee walked ostentatiously out of step during a military parade. During the First World War the whole country supported Wilson's decision to pass over the claims of General Wood and ignore the demands of Theodore Roosevelt, and put Pershing in command of the American Expeditionary Force. And within recent months President Truman has had to censor General MacArthur in a matter that concerned the formulation of major foreign policy.

Some observers fear that this Anglo-Saxon principle of the superiority of the civil to the military is in serious danger today. Never before in our history has the military exerted so much influence or exercised so much power. Yet it is well to remember that on the important question of the development of atomic energy, it was the plan for civilian control that won out. And it is relevant to keep in mind, too, that the danger to the principle of civilian supremacy comes not from any preference for the military, but from the inescapable fact that the line between the civil and the military has become blurred by the impact of total war. Yet if it is no longer possible to draw a clear distinction between—let us say—civilian and military economy or civil and military science, it is possible to maintain the distinction between ultimate civilian or military control. So far, there is no reason to doubt that the U.S. people are still loyal to the principle of ultimate civilian control.

Not unconnected with this basic principle is a consideration that cannot but command interest abroad. It is this: that heretofore there has existed no military class or caste in the United States and that no special distinction has ever attached to the officer's uniform. The military is respected, like any other profession. But the military does not have a preferred position in society, as it had in Germany, in France, in Russia, even in democratic Britain. Neither West Point nor Annapolis has quite the social position that, let us say, Sandhurst and Dartmouth enjoy in England, nor is the U.S. officer class drawn from the upper social stratum, as officer classes so commonly are abroad.

As U.S. society is democratic, democracy characterizes the military. The democratic and even equalitarian character of armies was most prominent in the nineteenth century, but even in the two World Wars it is probable that the U.S. armies were the most democratic in the world. In the Civil War companies elected their own officers, while higher-ranking officers were customarily selected by state governors from civilian ranks—and often for any but military reasons. That situation was not conducive to military discipline, but it did emphasize the extent to which the war was a people's war. Even in the Second World War, relations between officers and privates were customarily more intimate in the American

than in the British or French or even the Russian armies. There was, of course, a good deal of feeling against Army and Navy "brass," but the very fact of this feeling testified to the assumption that "brass" should not enjoy special privilege or constitute a special class; European armies rarely have any such feeling.

A third characteristic is that North Americans have always, heretofore, been unprepared for war. In a sense every war has taken the United States by surprise, even when—as in 1941, for example—there has been ample warning. North Americans were unprepared for the Revolutionary War and never did get around to preparing for it. Although they took the initiative in the War of 1812, they were wholly unprepared to wage it and hardly got around to fighting it, except at sea. Both sides were astonishingly unprepared for the Civil War; both governments assumed that it would be over in a few months; both took a couple of years really to mobilize their resources for war. Even with the spectacle of the whole of Europe at war from 1914 to 1917, the United States failed to prepare; indeed, the Presidential campaign of 1916 was waged on the argument that Wilson had kept the country out of war and behind this was the assumption that he would continue to do so. Only for the Second World War was there even partial preparedness—the destroyer-bases deal, Lend-Lease, peacetime conscription, and conversion of industry—but even in this war Pearl Harbor took a great many North Americans by surprise.

Now from the point of view of a people eager to win a war, this is a very distressing situation. But from the point of view of a democratic and peaceable people, it is not so much distressing as natural and almost inevitable. For what, after all, is the alternative to unpreparedness? It is, of course, preparedness. And preparedness is no simple matter of universal military training or the stock-piling of arms and ordnance. It goes far deeper than that. It is primarily psychological. It requires a military-mindedness, a war-mindedness, or it will not work at all. The kind of people who are prepared for war are those who are thoroughly military-minded. They are the people who accept war as the normal thing, who give priority to the military, who maintain and cherish a military class, who subordinate their politics, their economy, their educational system, their culture, to the demands of the military. For better or for worse—and the overwhelming majority of the U.S. public would say for better—North Americans are not of this mind. They have not been willing in the past, they are not really willing even today, to subordinate everything to the demands of the military. It is doubtful, indeed, whether any democracy can ever be adequately prepared for war, for by its very nature democracy regards war as monstrous and distrusts the military.

This, too, may be in process of change. In a world swept by confused alarms of struggle and flight and divided into two armed camps, readiness for war is imposed on almost every nation and imposed implacably on that nation which has become the leader of one of the camps. To be unready, now, is to be criminally



*Neither side was prepared for U.S. Civil War. New York recruiting office offers cash to lure volunteers*



*In U.S. tradition, military is subservient to civil control. President Lincoln, his son, and Admiral Porter call on General Grant*

*Below: Confederates lacked equipment and men but fought as well as Northerners. Southern troops preparing chow in Missouri*



negligent. We have probably entered an era of peacetime conscription, universal military service, continuous officer training, immense annual appropriations for the military, and the concentration of a substantial part of production and of scientific research on military needs. If we have, and if this situation persists for some time, we may expect profound changes in our economy and our government.

Because North Americans have almost always been unprepared for war, and because they regard war as abnormal, they have fought wars as amateurs. This was distinctly less true of the Second World War than of any of its predecessors, to be sure, and the era of the amateur spirit in warfare may have passed. Yet heretofore, from the Revolution to the eve of World War II, the amateur spirit prevailed. We raised armies any old way, officered them by chance, permitted business as usual. True, by 1940 we had learned that these methods were costly, and modified them. But even during the Second World War there was no such total mobilization of man and woman power in the United States as in Britain, for example, no such rigorous controls of the economy, no such heavy burden of taxation. Now, confronted by the Korean war and by the danger of a world war, we are once again displaying that reluctance to accept rigorous controls of the economy, rationing, limitations on profits, and high taxes that is eloquent of the amateur spirit.

We pay a high price for unpreparedness and for carelessness and for the amateur spirit, but it is important to remember that we would pay a high price, too, for the alternatives. As the opposite of unpreparedness is constant preparedness, so the opposite of the amateur spirit is the professional spirit. The professional spirit in the military is not something that can be adopted at a moment's notice, and then disposed of; it is something deeply ingrained in character, habit, and conduct. It requires a large officer class, a military-minded people, a government that concentrates on military concerns, the mobilization of all national resources for the purpose of war—it requires, in short, the kind of people and government that was found in Germany. If we get depressed over the spectacle of the amateur spirit in war, it is consoling to remember that in the great conflicts of the twentieth century it was the amateurs, like Britain and the United States, who won, and the professionals, like Germany and Japan, who lost.

A fifth principle is closely connected with this unpreparedness for war and the amateur spirit. People in the United States must be convinced that the war they are fighting is just, that the cause they champion is good, and that they are not the aggressors. They have ever been reluctant to start wars, and they have never fought well in wars whose motives or character they distrusted. These things seem obvious now, but they were not obvious in the eighteenth or nineteenth centuries; if they are now taken for granted generally it is the United States, more than any other country, that forced the world to take them for granted. The dynastic wars of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the imperialistic

wars of the nineteenth, were not fought for causes that were just, nor did kings or governments concern themselves overmuch with public opinion, either at home or abroad.

The themes of the just cause and of non-aggression run all through U.S. history. The Declaration of Independence appealed to "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind," and it was probably the first document in modern history that did so. Even our national anthem sounds this note: "Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just, and this be our motto, in God is our trust." What other national anthem, after all, pays respect to this principle? As many people in the United States doubted the righteousness of the War of 1812 and the Mexican War, both were badly managed and feebly supported. And both Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt devoted an immense amount of thought and energy to making clear the moral issues of the wars into which they led the U.S. people.

Equally impressive is the reluctance of North Americans to fire the first shot. "If they mean to have a war, let it begin here," said Captain Parker at Lexington Common; it was the word "they" that was important, and North Americans everywhere, even at that time, had to be convinced that the British had fired the first shot. So with the Mexican War, where our case was far from clear, President Polk was at pains to announce that "American blood has been shed on American soil." And none other than Abraham Lincoln introduced the resolution calling on the President to indicate the "spot" where this had occurred! The Civil War could not begin for months because each side was trying to maneuver the other into taking the aggressive, and not until the Confederates fired on Ft. Sumter could Lincoln rally the North to a fight for the Union. It required the sinking of the *Maine*—for which, as it turned out, the Spaniards were not responsible—to arouse support for a war with Spain. Wilson waited until he was sure he had a good moral case, and until he had won public opinion to that view; Roosevelt waited, as we know, until the Japanese seized the initiative. In historical perspective, Pearl Harbor assumes a significance different from that assigned it at the time. A laborious Congressional investigation sought to fix responsibility for Pearl Harbor; actually the whole U.S. people was responsible. Perhaps the alternative to being the victim of a Pearl Harbor is to initiate one; it is an alternative the Germans, the Italians, the Russians, and the Japanese seem to have no misgivings about embracing, but heretofore we have not been willing to embrace it.

A sixth generalization has to do with the manner in which North Americans wage war and can be expected to wage war in the future. It cannot be surprising that the U.S. people fight wars pretty much as they do other things—in industry, in farming, in government, for example. They like large-scale organization; they prefer to fight with machinery, with the best and the most arms and equipment; they reveal in war as in peace an immeasurable inventiveness and ingenuity. This was

(Continued on page 41)

# Margarita

## ISLAND OF PEARLS

Scott Seegers

THE FABULOUS PEARL BEDS of Margarita Island, off the coast of Venezuela, were pillaged in the best conquistador fashion during the earliest days of the Spanish Conquest. The oysters were virtually exterminated, and the hilly, arid island's palmy days were gone almost before they began. But instead of submitting gracefully to picturesque decay, the *margariteños* stubbornly set about nursing the oyster beds back to at least partial productivity, and found additional means of making the island into the orderly, hardworking, and prosperous place it is today.

In his ability to make something of nothing and his bullheaded refusal to quit when he is whipped, the stocky, square-jawed *margariteño* has much in common with the Basque and the Finn. Whereas most of his countrymen live, directly or indirectly, on proceeds from the vast pools of oil under the mainland, the *margariteño* lives on what he produces from his island and the waters around it.

This is an impressive achievement, considering that more than seventy thousand people find a toehold on Margarita, Coche, and Cubagua, the three islands that

make up the state of Nueva Esparta. This population makes it the most densely settled state of the entire country. Since nobody at all lives on the salt-encrusted flats of Coche, only a few dozen on Cubagua, and virtually nobody on the salt-marsh-and-desert western third of Margarita, the population is packed into the approximately three hundred remaining square miles of Margarita.

Like most island people, the *margariteños* are primarily seafarers. Every *margariteño* lad grows up with a twin dream: to find some day an enormous, flawless pearl,

Bank employee checks pearls in Lot Number 15 (total weight over 61,000 carats)



Mermaid statue once graced the Portamar plaza, now rests unnoticed in marketplace



Margariteños sorting fish, the island's chief product, on the beach at Portamar





and to captain his own schooner. The first can be had by pure luck; the second takes ability, and is therefore the more precious part of the dream. So seriously do these people take the sea as an occupation that one twelve-year-old described his idea of the perfect sea captain as "a man who never smiles while aboard his ship."

Pearls are the island's most glamorous and second most important product. On New Year's Day, everything that floats sets out from the chief port of Porlamar for the shallow-water oyster beds between Margarita's southernmost point, Punta de Piedras, and nearby Cubagua. This three- or four-mile stretch of shallow water is crowded with little blue-hulled sailboats, a fair sprinkling of larger schooners, and scores of nondescript motorboats. The "skin divers"—those who hunt under water for only as long as they can hold their breath—go overboard repeatedly. The diver searches through the murky half-light along the bottom for the flat, nearly square shells. On finding one, he breaks it from its mooring with a quick twist of a short-bladed knife. If he has enough breath left, he kicks slowly on, looking for the next. When his ears begin to roar, his heart pounds, and his chest feels squeezed in a great vise, he squats on the bottom and leaps to the surface with a powerful kick. Gasping, he clings to the gunwale of his boat while a shipmate opens his catch. He rests a minute, heaves a deep breath into his lungs, and vanishes again beneath the surface. This is the ancient, tradition-hallowed method of hunting for pearls, unchanged since the days of King Solomon. *Margariteños* are so good at it that the divers have sometimes been recruited to go halfway round the world to the pearl beds of the Persian Gulf.

However, the islanders are impatient of the picturesque when it interferes with efficiency. Pearling entrepreneurs with sufficient capital send their divers tramping across the bottom in lead-footed diving suits, while pumping apparatus on deck keeps the air flowing to them. Others use basket drags—heavy, steel-jawed nets pulled across the floor of the sea by winches, scooping up weeds, mud, and oysters indiscriminately.

Only about one oyster in a thousand contains a pearl. Of these, the vast majority are small and irregular, fit only for embroidery of ornamented fabrics. Individually they are worth next to nothing. Many others are big enough for a modest ring setting, but lumpy in shape or

muddy in color. Still others are exquisite in their glowing iridescence, but too far from the perfect spherical shape.

During his lifetime, the average pearl diver brings up only a few of the queenly jewels that roll easily in any direction on a flat surface, seem to glow with their own self-contained light, and are big enough to adorn effectively a tapering finger or enhance a slender throat. Of those that he does bring up, though they may be the property of his *patrón*, he remembers each as tenderly as an early love.

In the aggregate, the pearls run into money. The Venezuelan Government considers them important enough to put a price floor under them. During the season, the official per-carat prices for all of the dozen or so types of shape, color, and size are prominently posted in the pearling centers. Every man with a gem to sell tries to get as much as possible above this figure, and every buyer tries to squeeze the price down as close as possible to the minimum. Any time the demand falls off, the government stands ready to pay cash for one pearl or a thousand, a fact enormously comforting to the pearl trader. The government further protects the industry by forbidding the importation of cultured and imitation pearls. "If I ever see a pearl that is absolutely, perfectly spherical," one specialist told me, "I shall be very, very suspicious."

Once a pearl becomes government property, it loses all semblance of the privacy in which it was formed. Before witnesses, all pearls are weighed, sorted, graded, checked, counted and recounted, and divided into lots containing as many as several thousand, and, before more witnesses, poured into little sacks of heavy gray silk. Before still more witnesses, these are locked in bank vaults. Each lot contains a few big, perfect gems; a larger number of desirable smaller jewels; a considerable quantity each of fair-sized misshapen pearls and spherical but very small ones; and enormous heaps of tiny seed pearls. These are priced at so much per carat (generally about eighty cents) for the entire lot. One can't get the beauties without buying the others, but jewelers come from many countries to lug away the unbelievably heavy little bags.

The pearling season lasts only through January, February, and part of March. During that period the blazing white limestone flatness of Cubagua teems with pearl

Paraguache, called "El Tirano" ever since tyrant Lope de Aguirre landed there



Every youngster on Margarita Island dreams of the day he'll be a "real sailor"



Dam and reservoir built by the government above Asunción, the state capital





traders, provision merchants, and the boat crews. Punta de Piedras, across the strait, also pulses with activity, and pearl fever throbs beneath Porlamar's normal brisk routine. For the past three years there has been no pearling at all in these waters, to give the depleted oyster beds a chance to replenish themselves. However, *margariteños* and the traders and fishers of the mainland are already girding themselves for the wild, wet gold rush to begin on New Year's Day of 1951.

Pearls are everywhere on the island. Any nondescript peddler on the streets of Porlamar can dredge up from his pocket a gem worth perhaps two hundred dollars, or for 75 cents produce a flat shell with the formed pearl protruding from the nacreous material in which it grew. The shops sell them in every conceivable size, quality, and quantity, unset or worked into gold pins, brooches, rings, or earrings. A dealer will seat you before a velvet-spread table and spill out a whole sack of the shining spheres. Seen like that, neither gold nor diamonds can equal their implication of richness and luxury. It would be pleasant to say that perfect gems may be had for a song on Margarita. But the islanders know to the centavo what they are worth, and often contrive to get just a bit more if the visitor is sufficiently blinded by the romance of buying his pearls at the very source.

Pearls are part of the island's atmosphere and tradition. The famous Virgin of Pearls in the cathedral in the state capital, Asunción, wears robes covered with them. She is the recipient of many a pearl diver's prayer, of many of his luckiest finds, and the central figure of many legends. One of the best known is that of the diver who for a long time was troubled with an ulcerous foot that refused to heal. Appealing to the Virgin for a cure, he promised her the first thing he brought up from the sea bottom on his first dive of the coming season. He found a big oyster. Upon opening it, he saw a huge, irregular pearl in the shape of a foot. On it, in the precise location of his healed sore, was an unmistakable ulcer.

The island's most important product is more prosaic—fish. Fish pays for the shining new cars and buses raising clouds of dust along the winding roads; fish keeps the modern stores of Porlamar filled with the newest in electric refrigerators and outboard motors, and their shelves loaded with canned goods from the United States. Fish finances the public works and keeps

some twelve thousand *margariteños* directly employed as fishermen, shippers, packers, and the like. Many thousands more owe their jobs indirectly to the finny wealth swarming in the shallow sea between the islands and the mainland. During the first six months of 1948, for example, Margarita shipped 7,710,000 pounds of fish, valued wholesale at about \$1,390,000. All this fish goes to the mainland, where terra-firma Venezuelans are so busy working in one way or another for petroleum that they have little time to produce food. Conversely, from mainland dealers are imported at whacking prices all the things *margariteños* want and cannot make (an automobile costing two thousand dollars in the United States costs three thousand here). One notable import is orange soda pop, of which thirsty islanders consume hundreds of thousands of bottles per year. Whole schooner-loads of orange pop are unloaded regularly on the docks of Porlamar.

Besides pearls and fish, *margariteños* have also developed crafts to a degree highly respected in other parts of the country. Working right on the beaches, using the slow, hand-tool methods of a century ago, they turn out little boats and schooners, so sturdily, gracefully, and seaworthily that they are the most sought-after craft along the whole Caribbean coast. Island fiber work, such as hammocks, also commands a good market on the mainland. Indeed, the *margariteño* himself is welcomed anywhere in Venezuela as a conscientious, thorough, and dependable worker.

Art, however, lives a hard life on the island. On the waterfront in Porlamar I noticed an exquisite cast-iron figure of a mermaid. She was life-sized, and her tail swept in a fine curve under and behind her. She was obviously from some French or Italian fountain, and was of such lithe grace that one forgot the plebeian material of which she was made. Surrounded by the haphazard shacks and heedless clamor of the waterfront market, ignored, and rusting here and there, she sat on a broken lump of concrete that once had been a pedestal.

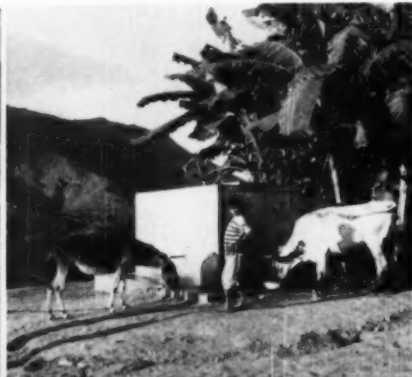
I asked a dozen people before I got her story. Years ago, a North American named Rosenstein or Rosenberg (no one could remember which) came to live on the island simply because it was beautiful. As a gesture to the people, he brought the statue from abroad, had a base set up in the central plaza of Porlamar, and pre-

(Continued on page 35)

Fortress near Asunción, scene of violence in the island's stormy history



Precious water is rationed for animals, shown here drinking from washpans



Harbor of Juan Griego on the northern side of the island





*Peruvian Ambassador Fernando Berckemeyer with one of the Pucará bulls, fine examples of his country's popular art in his collection*

# THE BULLFIGHT IN WASHINGTON

José Gómez Sicre

EUROPE, as the myth has it, was carried off on the back of a bull. But the bull, it would seem, ended up in Spain. No matter that the ancient cultures of Egypt and Babylonia deified the figure of the bull. Spain, though she did not give it the rank of a god, made it the center and the emblem of her emotional life. For Spaniards of all classes, the bull is their *raison d'être*, and from him Spain's culture draws its life blood. He is reflected and given new life in the great works of literature, from Lope de Vega and Góngora to García Lorca and Alberti. Art, from the wild bison on the walls of the Altamira caves to Goya and Picasso, learned to sublimate him. Spain spread her love for the beast through the lands she added to the map. Everywhere her colonists went, they started cattle breeding and left bull rings. While all this is nothing new, it will probably surprise many to learn that one of the most complete collections of art dealing with the bullfight is to be found in Washington, D. C.

In a bureaucratic, diplomatic, and social city so completely foreign to the secrets and charms of bullfighting

as the U.S. capital, a taurophile collection seems incongruous and perhaps brutal. But the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals need not be alarmed. The collection is not intended to promote the inhuman spectacle. Those who cannot stand the slaughter have nothing to fear, for this is neither a public nor a permanent exhibition. It simply represents one man's twenty years of effort in assembling and mounting his pieces. Some day they will be lodged in a museum several thousand miles south of Washington according to the wishes of the fortunate owner, Peruvian Ambassador to the United States Dr. Fernando Berckemeyer y Lazo.

The collection began with some works of art Dr. Berckemeyer inherited. For many years it has traveled with him wherever the Peruvian Foreign Service sent him. In Seattle, Stockholm, London, Washington, the bulls and brilliantly costumed bullfighters appeared in paintings, sculpture, drawings, and engravings. Instead of deserting, they multiplied. Each stop brought new company for them as unusual items were added to make up the present large and excellent group.

Their owner spends all the time his diplomatic duties allow on this extraordinary collection. The paintings need careful attention; the prints must be inspected at regular intervals. When art dealers of London, Madrid, or New York suggest new acquisitions, he must study the possibilities. Peru will ultimately benefit from his watchfulness. "I don't believe in hoarding works of art," he told me emphatically. "Art must be something to which everyone has access. The door of the Embassy is always open to those who want to get acquainted with these works."

A number of specialists in Spanish art have examined the Berckemeyer collection, and its works are often reproduced in books and reviews. Enhancing its technical value is a select library of works not only on bulls but also on the art of Spain and Peru.

In the hall where the major part of the collection is lodged the little bulls of Pucará stand by, as if heralding the beginning of the tourney. In spirit, these delightful figures of Peru's popular art are akin to the water colors of bulls by the Peruvian mulatto Pancho Fierro, who dealt with the intense spectacle of the bull ring in many of his scenes of Peru at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Here we find more than seventy different works by that great forerunner of graphic narration in America.

Then we can admire the "primitives" of bullfight art in engraving, among them the basic work: the prints by Antonio Carnicero, entitled *De las principales suertes de una corrida de toros* (*The Principal Happenings of a Bullfight*). Published in 1790, these pictures provided material for many later illustrators and served as the model for copies that are still being repeated. Along with Carnicero's work we have one by his contemporary, the bullfighter Pepe-Hillo. Besides these two bibles of bullfighting, engraved and printed pictures from Germany, France, Italy, and England considerably enrich the collection in respect to the technique of bullfighting, images of fighters of the period, and the appearance of



La Cornada. Spanish master Goya gave form to bullfight genre



Oil El Quite is one of Mariano Fortuny's best works



Above: bullfight sketch by Doré

Left: English I. F. Lewis pictured Picador



Right: eighteenth-century German engraving of Madrid bullfight

eighteenth- and nineteenth-century stadia.

But the keystone of bulls in art was undoubtedly provided by Goya. While tracing new pathways for future art, he gave definite form to the genre of bullfight painting. Though he did not invent it, he was the first great artist of Spain to devote a large part of his energies to it. And in this genre he composed an artistic language of his own. We see this particularly in the group of 33 etchings entitled *Colección de las diferentes suertes y actitudes del arte de lidiar los toros* (Collection of the Various Acts and Positions of the Art of Bullfighting) more concisely known as *Tauromachia*. The Berckemeyer collection contains two complete sets of this prodigious work of Spanish art, one the 1855 edition. In them we can appreciate the fantasy and the many liberties taken by the brilliant deaf man when he etched, preserving for posterity what he considered the spectacle's fundamental aspects.

Goya also included one taurine subject in his series of etchings, *Los Disparates* (Absurdities). Here we have it, with all its atmosphere of unreality, under the title, *Disparate de toritos*. While in exile toward the end of his life, Goya began an artistic adventure through the then new process of lithography. He produced four magnificent visions of the bull ring known as *The Bordeaux Bulls*, conceived this time with a more symbolic than documentary character. Dr. Berckemeyer has the print, *Toro Bravo*, from that series.

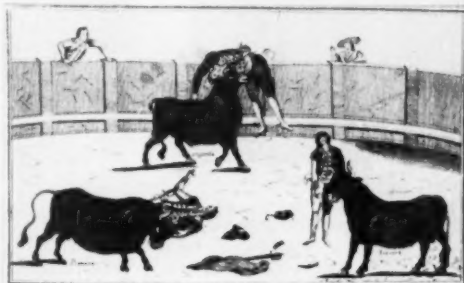
Alongside these major works of art we have a small oil by the Aragon master, depicting a bullfighter flying over the animal's horns. Through its bluish light and agile, sketched treatment of forms, we perceive in this painting—of small dimensions but monumental feeling—the beginnings of impressionism so clearly foreshadowed by Spanish painting as early as the seventeenth century.

Bullfighting is as old as Spain herself. The pasture, the climate, or who knows what mysterious quality of the soil made the Spanish cattle more powerful than those of any other part of Europe. While fighting bulls seems to have been practiced in Thessaly and in Rome, Iberian defenders of Spain's claim to the origin of the spectacle maintain that the Greeks as well as the Romans, the Visigoths as well as the Arabs, learned to fight those beasts when they reached the Peninsula. At first, it seems, the contest consisted of throwing down the animal by the horns, to render it helpless or sacrifice it. Later, in a pastoral phase, when the wild cattle were fenced in, the roundup was done on horseback, and the bulls were driven along by means of lances or sharpened poles, a custom assigned to the *picador* in modern bullfighting. These primitive lancers' assistants generally went on foot. In time their tasks were specialized until they became what we call *toreros*, whose preeminence in the sport is relatively recent, dating from the end of the seventeenth century.

According to the chronicles, fiestas of this sort were held as early as the tenth century, and beginning in the twelfth century bullfight programs were arranged for royal entertainment. The art of bullfighting was cultivated principally by gentlemen of the nobility. According



Eugenio de Lucas, Goya disciple, shows amateur bullfight



Popular print of death of Pepe-Hillo, famous bullfighter



One of a series of bullfight scenes by Pharamond Blanchard

Below: Duque de Veraguas' Cattle, by Ortiz de Valdivia

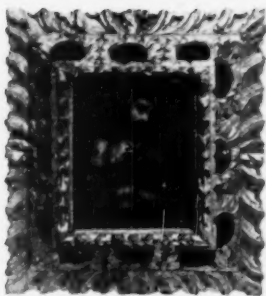




*Above: Zurbarán portrait is outstanding*

*Right top: Domingo Chavarito's  
Portrait of Prince Don Luis*

*Right: King Charles II and Queen  
Mariana, both by Castro de Velasco*



*Above: A Christ, oil on metal,  
of Peru's Cuzco School*



*Above: primitive Madonna  
and Child by Louiza,  
Cuzco School*

*Left: Peruvian llama  
appears in Gobelín  
tapestry*

to legend, the Cid was a wonderful spearman, and it is said that Charles V also practiced the sport. The fact that the audience was permitted to take an active part in the spectacle made possible the emergence of skilled masters of humble origin, who, by the eighteenth century, were the idols of fanatic supporters.

From this dawn of bullfighting the Berckemeyer collection brings a curious document: one of the oldest known bullfight posters, published in Madrid. In its severe type face, it begins like this:

Our Lord the King (God save him) has deigned to set Monday, the eighteenth of this month of November of 1776 (weather permitting), for the sixteenth and last fiesta of bulls in the Plaza de Extramuros near the Gate of Alcalá which, by resolution of His Majesty, will be for the benefit of the Royal General and Passion Hospitals of this Court, so that the proceeds may be devoted to the cure and aid of their indigent patients. . . .

This royal publicity from the reign of the progressive Charles III, when bullfighting was still a charitable institution rather than a private business, detailed at length all the names of the bullfighters and their assistants, with the turns each should have with the banderillas and the sword, plus descriptions of the bulls and the ranches from which they came. It also set rules for the active and passive participation of the public. For example, spectators could not enter the bull ring until the next to the last bull was being worked, for all the amateurs present were permitted to take a crack at the last beast, whose horns were padded. It further authorized the public sitting in the sun to wear their hat brims down on one side, while customers in the shade had to remain bareheaded throughout the performance.

Such a collection as this presents many difficulties. In Spanish art before Goya, bullfighting is represented

only incidentally in some pictures and relief carvings. The early engravings of Carnicero and Pepe-Hillo are of more documentary than aesthetic interest. After Goya and the school of his direct followers, the genre became too popular, its spread coinciding with an unfortunate decadence in Spanish art. That decline is most evident in the bullfight themes precisely because a public indifferent to or ignorant of artistic problems, but devoted to the spectacle, eagerly bid for such subjects and was satisfied with mediocrity so long as the painting, sculpture, or engraving offered a dramatic picture of their favorite sport. The ultra-nationalism that attached itself to bullfighting, a sort of vaudeville nativism, was the greatest exponent of what is known in Spain as "raisin-box art" or "tambourine art," from the flashy decorations applied to those objects. Through striking situations, a light touch, and cheerful, superficial coloring, it hid the sterile procedures of Spanish academicism, the most distasteful of any in Europe from the second half of the nineteenth century on.

Beginning such a collection, therefore, faced with a limited field from which to choose, meant risks that the owner has avoided only by great effort. Taking his time after adding those first documentary works of basic interest, Berckemeyer included only outstanding examples of the highest-ranking artists or those important works by minor artists with reasonable aesthetic quality. So, to complement Goya, nothing could be better than a fine oil by Eugenio de Lucas, his distinguished follower, whose work is often confused with the master's because of its high quality. A precursor of impressionism with a strong sense of organization, Lucas is seen here in a good example from his best taurine period.

Another artist who cultivated the genre was Mariano





Left: Colonial popular art of Peru:  
Maria Ramos Fita Atauche, heir of Incas

Below left: Oldest piece is fourteenth-century Castilian Crucifixion



Above: J. Bécquer's oil,  
Andalusian Girl

Left: Immaculate Conception,  
oil by Murillo

Right: St. Martha, Spanish  
image of seventeenth century



Fortuny. His work—generally done in small dimensions, an attempt at miniature painting—was usually marked with the seal of academic routine and the cult of the artificially exotic. But the *Quite* (pass of the bull by the *torero*) in this collection is one of his sharpest and best organized works and displays great richness of color. Also worth noting are a *picador* in action and *El Jaleo*, oils by Manuel Rodríguez de Guzmán. Especially significant is the large canvas entitled *La vacada del Duque de Veraguas* (*The Cattle of the Duke of Veraguas*), by N. Ortiz de Valdivia, which has been in Dr. Berckemeyer's family for two generations. In this placid painting Valdivia reminds us less of the bloody fiesta of the bull ring than of the Dutch bucolic genre of the seventeenth century, especially Albert Cuyp's gentle landscapes with cattle.

Such a collection had to have at least one oil by Luis Juliá, a nineteenth-century painter who made the most gentle and faithful portraits of the famous animals of his day, treating them with flat and somewhat muted realism but with singular technical ability. The small Juliá canvas in the Berckemeyer collection represents some unnamed bull just after the banderillas were stuck in its back.

In this gallery of bulls we find a number of foreign artists, fascinated by the spectacle, looking at it for its grandiloquence or from an emotional point of view. Among these we find a delightful book of sketches by the famous French illustrator Gustave Doré, in which he deals with bulls with penetrating objectivity. More superficial, though extensive in detail and broad in his range of colors, is Pharamond Blanchard, represented by an album of careful water colors done in 1835, possibly for Isabel II. The same Blanchard is also seen

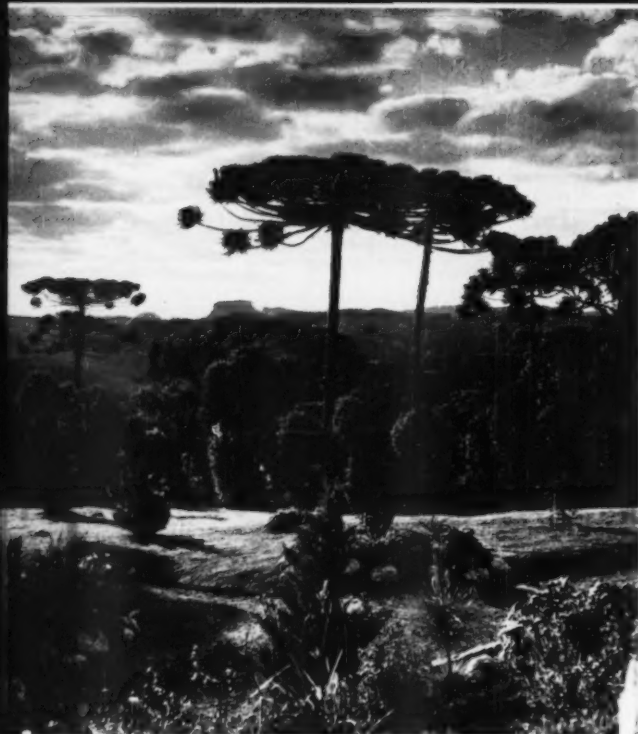
in a number of bullfight engravings. Noteworthy are the works of the English I. F. Lewis and the Dutch P. P. Rink.

With all this, the Ambassador warns us that he still does not consider the collection complete. "I need a bull scene by Edouard Manet, among the foreigners who have dealt with the subject," he told me, "and, among the Spaniards, I won't rest until I have some of the pieces on bullfighting by Gutiérrez-Solana and Picasso."

But Dr. Berckemeyer's devotion to bulls and bullfight art has not limited the scope of his collection, which has broadened out into other fields. We can see a large group of colonial stirrups, examples of the high degree of perfection in Peruvian silver work. The Cuzco School, that great center of religious painting in seventeenth- and eighteenth-century America, is represented by a Virgin, the work of Loaiza, one of the early members of the group, and an anonymous Christ that reminds one of the lovely images of the Redeemer by Seville's "divine" Luis de Morales. A delightful portrait of María Ramos Fita Atauche, a descendant of the Inca Huayna Cápac, is a lively example of the spontaneous and primitivist version of the neoclassic style adopted by certain delightful portrait painters in Spanish America at the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth century.

Among the European sculptures we find a St. Martha, almost life size, revealing the splendid qualities of seventeenth-century Spanish imagery. We must also call attention to an interesting example from the series of tapestries known as *The Old Indies*, from the Gobelin workshop in France, which Dr. Berckemeyer added to his collection because the Peruvian llama figures promi-

(Continued on page 42)



*Paraná pines: Brazil's landscapes are reflected in Villa-Lobos' music*

# Song of Brazil

Carleton Sprague Smith

HOW SIGNIFICANT ARE TWENTIETH-CENTURY Latin American composers? Which of them can withstand the test of another hundred years? Now that half the century is over, some sort of appraisal should be possible. If I had to pick the one I thought would be remembered best, I would choose Heitor Villa-Lobos.

This spectacular and prolific Brazilian is the most outstanding native-born composer in the Americas today. For his dynamic energy, his extraordinary imagination, his melodic and rhythmic vitality, he has won recognition far beyond the borders of his country. In Europe, where he is better known than any of his Latin American colleagues, his work is hailed for its verve, color, and originality. Europeans clamor for him to conduct his own compositions, especially those in the forms he has created, perhaps feeling that his talent is not so well suited to the traditional, academic symphony or concerto.

Villa-Lobos is also famous in the United States, notwithstanding his impression that "the United States doesn't seem to appreciate me as much as Europe where, thank God, my return continues to evoke an enthusiastic welcome." Although his compositions occasionally require instruments not commonly found outside Brazil, he is played frequently by U.S. orchestras—*Bachianas No. 2* and *No. 5*, *Chôros No. 8* and the *Discovery of Brazil* are especially popular. Now that so many of his chamber-music pieces, choruses, and songs have been published here, he should be heard a great deal more.

In Brazil, the Maestro is surrounded by legend, and stands out as the leading figure of all the arts. A number of his works are considered difficult. But the critics



*Right: dynamic composer-conductor  
Heitor Villa-Lobos*



Villa-Lobos interprets his native Rio de Janeiro as a mainstream of Brazilian currents pouring from the Amazon, Bahia, Minas Gerais, and the South

are well aware of his stature. In fact, a certain part of his vast output is familiar to every Brazilian, and he has already become a vital part of the country's history.

Villa, as his friends call him, is a lithe, agile, restless man. In fact, his irrepressible energy and creative instinct are so overwhelming that it is hard for him to keep his ideas in check. At times his enormous vitality can terrify those he deals with, a discovery he has used to advantage with his students. He fancies big hats and bright bow ties. An inveterate but fastidious cigar-smoker, he probably outdoes Sibelius in his addiction to "the Indian weed." His eyes are dark, twinkling, and keen, and on the podium the fiery conductor considers the eye as important as the hand. This is important indeed, for his own dexterity with his hands has led him to devise a singular technique in choral conducting by which he signals to the singers by the position of his fingers.

It is characteristic of Villa-Lobos that for a long time he did not know just when he was born. After-all-what-difference-does-it-make, was his attitude. For those who care, the records of the Colegio Pedro II in Rio, in which the composer was a student, indicate March 5, 1897. As a child, he picked up a number of different instruments, including the guitar and the cello. In his early days, he went about the streets as a troubadour with local serenading bands; later he played in theater orchestras, moving-picture houses, and restaurants. It is said he has also wandered into the interior of Brazil,

to listen to the Indians' primitive music. He studied composition with Francisco Braga and Enrique Oswald, both of whom had an international, not a local style; yet sometime before World War I, young Heitor showed an interest in folklore—an interest that has never waned. *Brasilidade* was in the air, and perhaps it was inevitable that he should be influenced by the *Maxixes* of Nazareth, the *Chôros* of Chiquinha Gonzaga, and the piano pieces of Alberto Nepomuceno. (Although Nepomuceno had studied in Paris and was a Wagner enthusiast, he had written the *Série Brasileira*, using tunes like the *Sapo Jururu* and a *Batuque*.)

Villa's horizon was widened considerably after 1918, when Darius Milhaud was attached to the French Embassy in Rio, and the young Brazilian put subsequent compositions together far more deftly. Being Villa-Lobos, he was bold enough to experiment and teach himself. Freedom exhilarated him. He rather enjoyed scandalizing people with his compositions during the modern-art meetings in São Paulo in 1922. Despite the flamboyancy in his make-up, Villa is perfectly willing to laugh at himself.

In recent years, his life has resembled that of many another distinguished composer: concerts in Argentina,



Villa-Lobos (left) and author Smith (right) talk shop with "Donga" at samba school in Rio

Chile, Mexico, the United States, Europe. As for his style, he began as a post-romanticist, next turned to impressionism and folklore, later experimented with classicism in the manner of Bach, and today synthesizes them all. Some of his pieces are quite abstract, others are essentially romantic and easily understood. He charges his music publishers accordingly, asking very little for the complicated works—which will be harder to sell—and more for the easier ones. Villa-Lobos writes for a number of different publics. Few study the purpose of a given piece more conscientiously than he, and a sense of appropriateness is avowedly one of his carefully cultivated aims. Still, he is inclined to mix his styles excessively in longer works such as the opera *Magdalena*.

His inventiveness has been as unorthodox as the man himself. He has written symphonies, but we are more inclined to think of him as the man who makes musical

forms, as the creator of the novel *Chôros* and *Bachianas*. *Chôros*, a term with several meanings, was first used in Rio de Janeiro some time in the last century to indicate a type of instrumental serenading music, frequently modulated from the major to the minor, played by wandering musicians. Villa-Lobos employs the word much more freely. But in his fourteen *Chôros* he expresses the spirit of Rio de Janeiro sometimes quite melodically, then again in bizarre and savage ways. The *Bachianas* are typical Villa-Lobos. The word was coined to indicate a neo-classic type of composition inspired in part by Bach but thoroughly Brazilian in spirit.

During the past thirty years Villa-Lobos has turned out well over a thousand works—a truly extraordinary feat in any period. Underneath everything he does is that fantastic, pulsating energy, which makes one realize, as Henry Adams observed, that we live in the century of the Dynamo rather than that of the Virgin. Another of Villa's peculiarities is his almost Whitmanesque desire to express geographic expansion and monumentality in his pieces. His compositions range from the savage *Danças Africanas* through the eclectic *Discovery of Brazil*;

Thousands of school children sing under Villa-Lobos at Rio stadium



from the weird Amazonian *Virapuru*, the curious hybrid *Dança dos Índios Mestiços*, and the characteristic *Carnaval do Brasil* to the melodic *Canção da Terra* and the abstract *New York Skyline*. This last piece, in which notes were placed against a silhouette of Manhattan and then developed into a melody, is a real *tour de force*. Just as Haydn expressed the spirit of Vienna—and Vienna was eclectic, taking many elements from Bohemia, Yugoslavia, Croatia, and Hungary, as well as from Austria—Villa-Lobos interprets cosmopolitan Rio, the mainstream of diverse Brazilian currents.

When one meets the composer in his apartment on the Rua Araújo Porto Alegre in downtown Rio or at the National Conservatory of Choral Singing, one is apt to hear more about music education than anything else, for Villa-Lobos is in charge of all the municipal-school music of the Federal District and keeps long office hours in his exacting work. His teaching and arranging of courses is thoroughly personal; he may shock conservative pedagogues, particularly those who have studied U.S.

methods, but the results are there. Like Carlos Chávez, he is fascinated by organization. What U.S. musician would have a government department letterhead? Yet Chávez can direct the Division of Fine Arts in Mexico and Villa is employed by the Ministry of Education and Health in Rio.

He trains the chorus of teachers in the Federal District, and on them he practices his whole repertoire of antics, lecturing them, brow-beating them, laughing at them, cajoling them. I remember attending one of their rehearsals. During a short intermission, the composer asked me what I thought of the group. "Really excellent," was my reply.

"Watch me wake them up even more," he cried, and returning to the podium burst into a frenzied exhibition of feigned anger. I doubt whether the singers realized at the time that it was an act; but it brought forth noticeably better singing.

At the Vasco da Gama Stadium on September 7—Brazil's Independence Day—or for special congresses, as many as twenty thousand voices and a thousand instrumentalists join together under Villa-Lobos' baton. The President of the Republic and the Mayor of the Federal District, not to mention a hundred thousand other listeners, are usually on hand for these mammoth performances, which put the demonstrations of Berlioz and Gilmore to shame.

In his famous practical guide on educating artistic musical taste, Villa-Lobos has put together 137 children's songs. Some have been recorded by the Brazilian Government. They are mostly set for two voices, some with piano accompaniment, "atmosphered," says Villa, not "arranged." Their origin is rather arbitrarily defined: Luso-Italian, French, Saxon, Hispano-African, and the like—together with qualifying adjectives—"typical" and "regional." This "atmosphering" point might well be stressed in other countries. Much of the world's folk and popular music is of a hybrid character, and like most hybrids shows greater force than many purebred national tunes.

To capture the "feel" of the people, Villa likes to listen to Brazilian popular music. One night he took me to a samba school on Mangueira Hill, one of the music centers high above Rio where new Carnival hits are tried out. The well-known samba composer Ernesto Santos—better known as "Donga"—was with us. But instead of discussing Donga's latest tunes, *Nosso Ranchinho*, *Mulher Sublime*, or *Saudades do Brasil*, we spent the evening watching the performers cut loose in song and dance. It was a sultry evening, and the open window framed many a curious onlooker, peering in to catch a glimpse of the celebrated visitor.

One of the best ways to know the works of a composer is to listen to his records; more than fifty by Villa-Lobos have been made in this country, South America, and Europe. Let us start with one of his studies for guitar that has great flavor and is rather difficult to execute. Once, when we were listening to the

(Continued on page 43)

# TELEVISION

## scourge or blessing?

Mary and Fred del Villar

TELEVISION, BABY GARGANTUA of the U.S. entertainment world, has jumped out of its currency-lined cradle and is toddling forth in search of new lands to conquer south of the border. In the past few months the manufacturers, who joyfully reckon this year's domestic sales in terms of millions of sets, have been crating for export thousands of receivers destined to equip audiences for new TV stations in Brazil, Cuba, and Mexico.

Will the hemisphere-wide spread of TV simply mean that cowboy Cassidy will hop along from Popocatepetl to the Río de la Plata? Or will our southern neighbors develop some of TV's really vast educational and artistic potentialities?

As with many other products of Yankee ingenuity, television was rushed to the market as a technical masterpiece without any thought of its long-range implications. No one stopped to wonder about the effects of having what amounts to a continuous movie (especially a continuous had movie) available in every parlor. Nor did anyone consider what might be expected from a generation of children who, if permitted, would spend every waking hour glued to the video screen, living in a dream world of cowboys, murderers, spies, and mad scientists.

This is not to say, of course, that U.S. television programs are uniformly bad, for the TV viewer occasionally is pleasantly surprised by a good play, a concert, a lively sports program, or a special-events feature. But

the heavy hand of advertising exerts its pressure generally over the industry, forcing it to conform to what is called "the public demand," while the only recourse left to the public is to switch off the receiver or throw it out the window.

For example, the *New York Times* pointed out that one evening lately the TV networks offered a choice between CBS's *Suspense*, showing "the doings of a vampire"; NBC's *Lights Out*, a lesson on the "gruesome use of the knife"; and DuMont's *Hands of Murder*, which featured a close-up of "hands itching to strangle somebody." Not only do television shows combine the worst features of radio, comic books, and Grade B movies, but they are often badly staged and poorly acted. The chief actor on one of the most popular children's programs, on the carpet for his wooden portrayal of the role, said: "What can I do with a script that is so ridiculous?" The script writer had to admit that the show sank to a pretty low level, but it was popular and he got paid for it.



The writer's wife, by the way, had banned that program for her own children.

The eastern United States was electrified by a recent survey carried out by the Burdick Junior High School in Stamford, Connecticut, which showed that 447 children between the ages of eleven and fifteen who had television at home were spending a daily average of almost four hours in front of their sets, or exactly the same time they spent at school in a week. Some were immersed in TV dramas as much as six hours on weekdays and ten hours on Sundays.

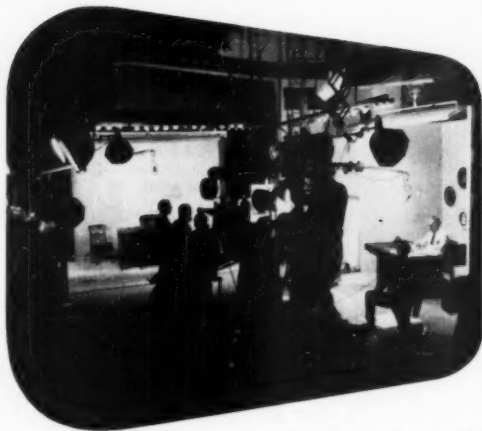
Not only has school work suffered from competition with television, but, perhaps even more important, outdoor play and normal human relationships have also been sacrificed in favor of the unreal world of the flickering screen. This problem, of course, is one that mothers should and generally do handle. Yet there are too many overworked housewives who find in television the perfect way to keep the children quiet, just as old-time nurses innocently fed children poppy seeds without realizing they were administering opium.

In adult circles, too, television is creating a social revolution. Typical of the new era is the "television party" where friends gather, not to talk, argue, sing songs, or play cards, but to sit in darkness and watch an auto race, a "fixed" wrestling match, or a roller-skating derby. Quite apart from the quality of the entertainment, serious-minded people are asking whether this television boom and its passive, indiscriminate acceptance on the part of the U.S. public does not represent mass escapism from the troubling aspects of the atomic age, a desire on the part of Americans not to have to think.

Whatever the underlying reasons for the fascination of television, its development has been as dizzying as a rocket flight. By mid-1950 there were well over five million television sets installed in U.S. homes, while men in the industry were predicting the sale of at least another four million sets over the last half of this year. As to what 1951 will bring, all recent forecasts are already considered obsolete, and no one dares make a new one. A little over a year ago, the man who wanted to see a television show had to repair to the neighborhood bar. Today, even if he does not own a set himself, he has a dozen friends who do.

Television-industry men generally admit that TV has suffered severe growing pains, that the technical end of the business is far ahead of its entertainment or educational side. However, they contend that the quality of the programs is improving, proudly citing some of the experimental work with such diverse subjects as surgical operations and museum masterpieces.

An operation at Bellevue Hospital in New York City was televised in June of this year to the United Nations building. Shortly afterward a caravan of electronic engineers left the United States by air on the "Video Medico" project to make similar demonstrations at the Brazilian Congress of Gastroenterology in São Paulo, at the Congress of the International College of Surgeons in Buenos Aires, and to groups in Puerto Rico, Venezuela, and Mexico. Two years ago a television camera was installed



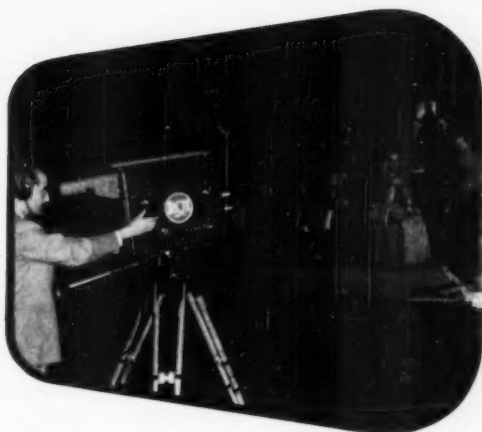
*"On set" at television studio in Washington, D. C. Expensive programming is major TV problem*



*TV's technical difficulties: trouble-shooting engineer checks camera images, controls what goes out on receivers*



*Video Medico project to show Latin America TV's educational potentialities*



*U. S. television demonstration in Madrid "shoots" Velázquez painting at Prado Museum*



*TV camera trained on Brazilian singer Delora Bueno in New York for show featuring Latin American music*



*First experiments in televising the bullfight in Mexico*

in the Prado Museum of Madrid, as a rehearsal for future telecasts of famous pictures and other art treasures. These televised performances were designed specifically to promote television as a teaching tool and public-service medium. Experiments are also under way to devise some means of paying for television's costly programming without relying solely on advertising sponsorship. In Chicago this fall, test transmissions will be tried to determine whether families are willing to pay a fee for special subscription shows.

The excellent television coverage of the United Nations Security Council meetings last August was hailed by the New York press as a fine example of what TV can do to bring before the public history in the making.

These are certainly encouraging signs. They show that television may some day be the Pegasus that will carry the world on new flights of learning and understanding. Thus far, however, the winged horse has been harnessed to a junk wagon.

Will Latin American telecasters, now trying their hand at the new game for the first time, do more with this visual phenomenon than their colleagues to the north? Judging from present plans, there is reason for hope on this score.

At the start, the Latin American operation will be small, leaving plenty of room for gradual development and experimentation. There is little possibility of television's mushrooming overnight as it has in the United States, because, until really cheap sets are manufactured, the cost of receivers will automatically limit Latin American audiences.

According to informed sources in the industry, the sixteen-inch television set that sells in the U.S.A. for about \$200 will retail in Latin America for between \$450 and \$500. This would be a lot of money even for the comparatively well-paid U.S. worker.

In Latin America, therefore, telecasters will not be able to point to the low cultural level of their audiences as an explanation for the poor quality of most shows—a weak excuse in any case. After paying such a steep price for his entertainment, the Latin American TV owner will be extremely vocal in his protests if he discovers that the magical new gadget is merely an instrument to befuddle childish minds.

The spread of TV in Latin America will also be retarded by the cost of the transmitters. This represents a truly huge investment—in dollars, moreover—in proportion to the potential advertising returns, which, in turn, are limited by the small size of the audience.

Thus far, seven TV installations have been sold to Latin American buyers and should be on the air before the end of the year: two in Brazil, two in Cuba, three in Mexico, while a fourth application for television operations was filed with the Mexican Government recently by a would-be operator in Tijuana, Baja California. Further negotiations are reported in New York to be under way with prospective purchasers in Argentina, Colombia, and Venezuela, as well as in Puerto Rico.

Both Brazilian stations were sold to Assis Chateaubriand, Brazil's newspaper and radio tycoon, owner of



"Shop by Television," sponsored by department store. Models take orders by 'phone during program

the *Diarios Associados*, a chain of two dozen or so daily papers, a score of radio stations, two magazines, and a news distributing agency. For his Rio de Janeiro project, Chateaubriand purchased a General Electric transmitter that has been set up on Rio's famous Sugar Loaf Mountain. This tricky engineering feat required the transportation of every piece of equipment by the little *Pão de Açúcar* cable car to a height of 1,500 feet, and the construction of an elaborate studio, rather like an Aztec temple, on the rounded mountain summit. Total cost ran to \$750,000 in U.S. currency. For his second station, Chateaubriand chose an RCA transmitter and set it up on São Paulo's Banco do Estado, purportedly the tallest building in Latin America.

In Mexico, GE has sold a complete transmitter to the Azcárraga interests, which include the newspaper *Excelsior*. For several years Emilio Azcárraga, director of radio stations XEW and XEQ, has been carrying out television experiments in Mexico. RCA, on the other hand, has sold a transmitting station to Rómulo O'Farrill, owner of the newspaper *Novedades*, and another (defined as a "low-powered" station by RCA officials) to one Dr. Camarena, reportedly backed by the Mexican Government's official newspaper *El Nacional*. The *Novedades* station is on top of the National Lottery building, one of the highest in the Federal District, and was officially opened September 1.

For the Cuban operation, RCA installations were purchased by Unión Radio and by Goar Mestre's station CMQ in Radio Centro.

Because only the well-heeled will be able to afford receivers, most Latin Americans will be seeing their TV programs in public places, and at first the stations will be on the air only an hour or two each day. Just as in the United States, sports events will probably be emphasized in the initial months, since public interest in them is assured and there is no need for actors or staging. Brazilians will certainly see *futebol* games

(soccer, in U.S. parlance), while Mexicans will get a ringside view of the bullfights, which, incidentally, have already been successfully televised in experiments by RCA crews.

Latin American telecasters are also making definite plans to include educational presentations as an important feature of their programming. In Latin America there is a greater demand for cultural and informational shows than in the United States, and government departments will be eager to cooperate in using TV for this purpose. Chateaubriand, for instance, has made an agreement with the Brazilian Government whereby the majority of his programs will be devoted to educational matter. (This doubtless smoothed his way for authorization of the huge dollar expenditure involved in the installation of his two transmitters.) Such an agreement, which might look like the kiss of death to a U.S. television producer, does not seem to have hampered Chateaubriand in securing advertising for his new enterprise. Long before the date for the inauguration of his Rio station, the greater part of his time had already been sold. Showing that he intends to stick by this agreement, Chateaubriand inaugu-



Mexico's first TV mobile unit leaving the United States

rated his São Paulo station with a demonstration telecast of the opening of that city's new Museum of Modern Art.

Latin American governments may well turn to television in the future, as they have used moving pictures in the past, to spread graphic information on problems of health and welfare. Though the poor man cannot own a set, arrangements could be made for regular showings in local meeting places to bring him a world of enlightenment at relatively low cost.

In Colombia today, "radiophonic schools" under the direction of the Jesuit Father Joaquín Salcedo are teaching the three R's to seven thousand pupils in ninety localities throughout the most inaccessible areas. The students themselves in their thirst for knowledge pool their resources to purchase the short-wave receiving sets that are necessary to hear Father Salcedo's "teachers

(Continued on page 39)



# TWENTIETH CENTURY BOLIVIAN LETTERS

Fernando Diez de Medina

IF WE LOOK CAREFULLY, we can see that in the first half of the twentieth century Bolivia has taken a gigantic step forward: it is becoming a nation. We know that we still lack much that is necessary to attain the rank of a modern and well-organized country; we know that the adjustment between man and his environment costs painful sacrifices; we know that there is still an abyss between the cultured minority and the vast forgotten masses. But gradually, and with effort, all this will be overcome. A new awareness of our own is developing, rising from the home plot of ground and looking toward the universal.

We are going through a process of educational and cultural formation. Schools, universities, the press, radio, and books show constant improvement. And since the creative process is difficult for a people living at thirteen thousand feet in the air and deprived of life-giving contact with the sea, the Bolivians must concentrate and take great pains to master intellectual discipline.

Let us see how these trends of the past fifty years show up in the national literature. There are four main viewpoints from which one can look at any national literary output: historical, geographic, aesthetic, and social. Unless, of course, we choose the panoramic vision

of the artist-critic, who observes and registers everything as with a thousand-prismed lens, combining keen analysis with the nicety of good taste. But for this one would need the genius of a Georg Brandes, and the phenomenon of Brandes has not been repeated.

An outline of Bolivian literature, corresponding to its logical and continuous history, might run like this: up to the twentieth century, The Andean Sources, The Colony, The Precursors, The Romantics, The Realists; after 1900, The Searchers, The Eclectics, and The Vernacular School. The three-faced sphinx of our indigenous cultures remains silent. Bolivians still have not said anything serious, or beautiful, or elevated, about the Andean myths, the Aymará empire, or the Quechua empire. When the Andean mythology is written, a new horizon will be opened to American culture.

Colonial humanism is a basic factor in the imported cultures of South America. Language, spirit, substance, and forms of expression reached us from the Peninsula. The colonial heritage came down to us imbued with a great drive for doing things. It gave us a sublime religion, civil institutions, the arts, and architecture. Thus Bolivian culture is rooted in the humanism of the Colony.



Chilly, 12,000-foot-high Lake Titicaca, clue to ancient cultures, inspires Bolivia's writers

The transition from the Colony to the Republic was animated by active writers and orators, who prepared the way for the armies of liberation. They were the precursors of our nation. Then came the romantic writers—poets, novelists, essayists—who tried to give national literature an individuality of its own.

As I have remarked elsewhere, a literature is not formed by accumulation, but by elimination. A selective principle must prevail over the all-inclusiveness of the catalogue. In dealing with books and authors, it is wise to choose rather than pile them up, so I shall select what seems outstanding to me, with complete freedom of judgment and personal taste. If something is omitted, it does not mean that I think it worthless; rather, it is because of the need to bring out what is basic.

Since the realistic school in Bolivia and that distinguished historian and essayist Gabriel René Moreno really belong to the last century, I will begin with the *Indagadores*—The Searchers—without forgetting the strong tie between the two groups, inasmuch as the realism of the end of the century opened wider doors to the higher spirit of investigation of the generation of 1900.

After every territorial loss, the Bolivian soul surges up impetuously, tempered anew by adversity. We lost Acre as the twentieth century began, and the best-coordinated group of thinkers the country has had appeared.

Following the objective, lyrical, descriptive realism of the end of the nineteenth century came a dramatic, rending, anguished neo-realism, in a way subjective, which sought the "why" of things and asked itself how the emerging nation could attain stability. Bolivia inquires: Who am I? Where am I going? And with this introspective lash, with methodical and constant study, the school of the Searchers arose—a school that still dominates our intellectual process, in quality as well as quantity. If the greatest influence in the previous period came from Hugo, Lamartine, and Lord Byron, in this period the trend was toward positivism: Comte

became the hero. They read Tarde, Guyau, Renan. German breezes brought in the Nietzschean Zarathustra. Taine ruled the salons. Spencer and Darwin had transformed the scientific concept. It is only natural for small countries to want to see themselves in the hold mirror of the large ones.

Our writers, who earlier achieved maturity of ideas only infrequently and with an intense effort at self-education, now brusquely burst forth in serious creative tension. It was becoming easier to travel, and likewise to assimilate knowledge. The spirit of scientific research replaced romantic disorder. The Searchers wanted to produce an organic and fertile body of work, so they concentrated rigorously on the highest disciplines.

Belisario Díaz Romero, a scholar and a publicist, composed his *Tiahuanacu*, a penetrating study of that prehistoric culture. He likewise left a splendid *Historia*



La Paz, Bolivia's busy, modern capital, where writers take an active part in political life

*Natural*, still unpublished, which is a monument to science and patience. Rigoberto Paredes explored deeply in archeology and folklore. He is an expert on everything native and his best book is *Mitos, Supersticiones y Supervivencias Populares de Bolivia* (*Popular Myths, Superstitions, and Traditions of Bolivia*). Pedro Kramer, a talented young man who was lost to us prematurely, wrote the best introduction to the history of Bolivia. José María Camacho has been more fortunate. A conscientious and penetrating historian, he wrote thoughtful studies of the Andean plateau and Aymará language and culture, his major work being a notable history of Bolivia, only part of which has been published.

Bautista Saavedra blazed two fiery trails in national sociology with his books *El Ayllu* and *La Democracia en Nuestra Historia* (*Democracy in our History*). Juan Francisco Bedregal published *La Máscara de Estuco* (*The Stucco Mask*), a strange mixture of sociological study and environmental satire. Daniel Sánchez Bustamante, a cultured writer and honored teacher, edited *Bolivia, Su Estructura y Sus Derechos en el Pacífico* (*Bolivia: Her Structure and Her Rights on the Pacific*), a work that is fundamental to an understanding of our national aspiration to reach the sea again. In *Las Taras*





Highland shepherders: writers of the nativist Vernacular School delve into the nation's past, portray reality of present

de Nuestra Democracia (*The Flaws in our Democracy*). Carlos Romero sharply analyzed our national politics.

Ricardo Jaimes Freyre and Gregorio Reynolds were especially outstanding poets in the group. The first is the author of *Castalia Bárbara*, acclaimed by American critics; the second carved the impeccable sonnets of *El Cofre de Psiquis* (*Psyche's Coffer*) and earned the title of "national poet" with his amazing productivity in singing the beauties and glories of the country.

Outstanding among the essayists were Alberto Gutiérrez, an excellent historian and finished prose writer, the author of *Hombres Representativos* (*Representative Men*); Ignacio Prudencio Bustillo, the creator of a splendid life of Aniceto Arce, the first modern biography written in Bolivia; and Enrique Finot, a good historian to whom we are indebted for his excellent *Nueva Historia de Bolivia* (*New History of Bolivia*) and an extensive, though debatable, history of Bolivian literature.

The most important novelists of this group were Alcides Arguedas with his *Vida Criolla*, which reminds us of Zola's naturalism, and *Raza de Bronce* (*Bronze Race*), a forerunner of the nativist movement in South America; and Armando Chirveches, author of *La Candidatura de Rojas* (*Rojas' Candidacy*) and *Casa Solariaga* (*Noble House*), both notable for their felicitous intuition in capturing the reality of our environment, and several other stories.

Tamayo, Arguedas, and Mendoza are the most representative men of the period. Franz Tamayo, the highest-ranking writer our Andean nation has produced, is something of everything: a polyglot linguist, poet, critic, essayist, thinker. One cannot fully appreciate his powerful creative work without being acquainted with the environment in which he lived and his tempestuous life as a politician and a man of ideas. Of his poetic works, I must mention *La Prometheida*, a tragedy in verse; *Scherzos*; and *Nuevos Rubavats* (*New Rubaiyat*), forceful and very polished poetry whose philosophic depth and musicality of form surpass all the ecstasies of Darío. Although America may not realize it, Tamayo was the first modernist poet. His *Creación de la Pedagogía Na-*

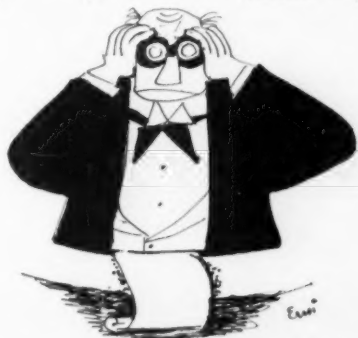
*cional* (*The Creation of National Education*), written forty years ago, is a vigorous plea on behalf of the Indian. His lectures, debates, and essays would fill several volumes with very wise, profound, and original thought. His is the most mature mind in America. Neither Sarmiento nor Rodó could match him. Now a very old man, he is still devoted to his books. He has written many works that have not yet been published.

Alcides Arguedas was perhaps the hardest working of our writers. Three novels, various sociological essays, and many volumes of history make up his work. *Pueblo Enfermo* (*A Sick People*), which puts much of the blame for Bolivia's social problems on the Indians, is rejected in Bolivia today, but was well received in its time and went through three editions. His monumental *Historia de Bolivia* is the most serious literary work ever undertaken in the country. Most of its volumes were published during the author's lifetime. Is this history good or bad? It is a vigorous work, a necessary reference book, in part acceptable, in part very debatable. In any case, it was the first effort on a large scale to give system to the study of our nation's past. Even though we may reject many of his judgments and interpretations, we must recognize the magnitude of his work.

Jaime Mendoza, geographer, explorer, poet, and essayist, was an evangelist of "Bolivianism." His exemplary life, devoted to study and the service of his country, is without parallel. In *El Macizo Boliviano* (*The Mass of Bolivia*) and in *La Ruta Atlántica* (*The Atlantic Route*) he made two first socio-geographic interpretations, and very scientific ones, to justify our national existence. In *Tierras del Potosí* (*Lands of Potosí*) and *Páginas Bárbaras* (*Barbarous Pages*), both novels, he painted the lives of those social outcasts, the miner and the rubber gatherer. A dreamer and a realist, full of practical knowledge and profound, earthy imagination, Mendoza was the archetype of a nation-builder.

Another member of this generation was Arthur Posnansky, archeologist and man of science, the author of innumerable studies of American prehistory, who devoted his life to laboriously tracking down the past. His major work is *Tihuanacu*, on the cradle of American man, printed in New York a few years ago, the most complete book on Andean prehistory that has come from our country.

(Continued on page 46)



Ermilo Abreu Gómez

NO ONE HAS TO BE TOLD that Mexico is a land of painters. The Mexican people have a plastic feeling for things, even, I believe, for ideas. The Indian dreams with his fingers and his eyes. One need only look at their codices, their murals, and the ruins of their buildings for proof that the men who lived here before the Conquest knew how to tell the story of their life in visual images. To them, even the soul had shape and form.

This power of expression has continued without interruption. During the period of the viceroyalty (which to the whites seemed a matter of three days; to the Indians, three thousand years), the double influence of Indian and European was reflected in religious architecture. Nor has the wealth of pictorial works diminished since Independence, in 1810; perhaps it has even broadened in experience and thoughtfulness. The most important events of history and culture can be studied through engravings and drawings. Much of this work is anonymous, the spontaneous product of humble artists who wanted to leave a record of their thought and feeling in pictures. At times there appeared true geniuses, whose names we recall with pride. We need mention only those creators of engraving, Picheta and José

# History

Guadalupe Posada. From the vision and technique of such artists have come many elements to influence the painters who later flourished in Mexico: José Clemente Orozco, Diego Rivera, David Alfaro Siqueiros.

We can say without exaggeration that the history of Mexico is painted more than written, narrated more than analyzed. Each picture, each drawing, each mural, contains more essential truth than many an erudite chapter taking up space in the library. National awareness prevails with greater integrity in our painters, while among historians—with a few logical exceptions—politi-



1. Above: On the shore of Lake Texcoco—in 1325, tradition says—the wandering Aztecs came upon an eagle perched on a nopal cactus with a serpent in its beak. This was the omen for which they had been searching, and there they established their great capital, Tenochtitlán. The Aztecs were the last of the waves of semi-barbaric Nahuatl tribes which had come from the North to invade the Valley of Mexico. Once settled, they were not slow in assuming leadership of the entire valley, and at its height their empire and the nations it controlled extended over most of present-day Mexico. Moreover, they developed a culture that so impressed the chronicler Bernal Díaz del Castillo that he described the Aztec court, architecture, craftsmanship, and language as more beautiful than those of Spain.

2. Right: Tenochtitlán at the time of the Conquest. Architects have reconstructed the plan of the Aztec capital on the basis of the chronicles and native codices. By the time the Spaniards reached it, Tenochtitlán was an imposing, well-fortified city of about seventy thousand. Built partly on small islands in the lake and partly on reclaimed land held in place with piles, it was traversed by bridged canals and connected to the mainland by causeways. In the center were the temple of the war god Huitzilopochtli, to whom thousands of victims were sacrificed each year, and a great square, heart of the city's life.



# an Parade

cal criteria hold sway. Hence the tremendous impact of Mexican painting. Its social and human forces appear equally in serious artistic works and in those that crept forth hesitantly from the workshops of enthusiastic artisans.

The engravings reproduced here are evidence of Mexico's vital, restless search for social justice. Each tells, well or badly, what happened at a high point of our national life. In them there may be exaggeration, but never deception; anger, but never emptiness. Through them courses the life of Mexico.



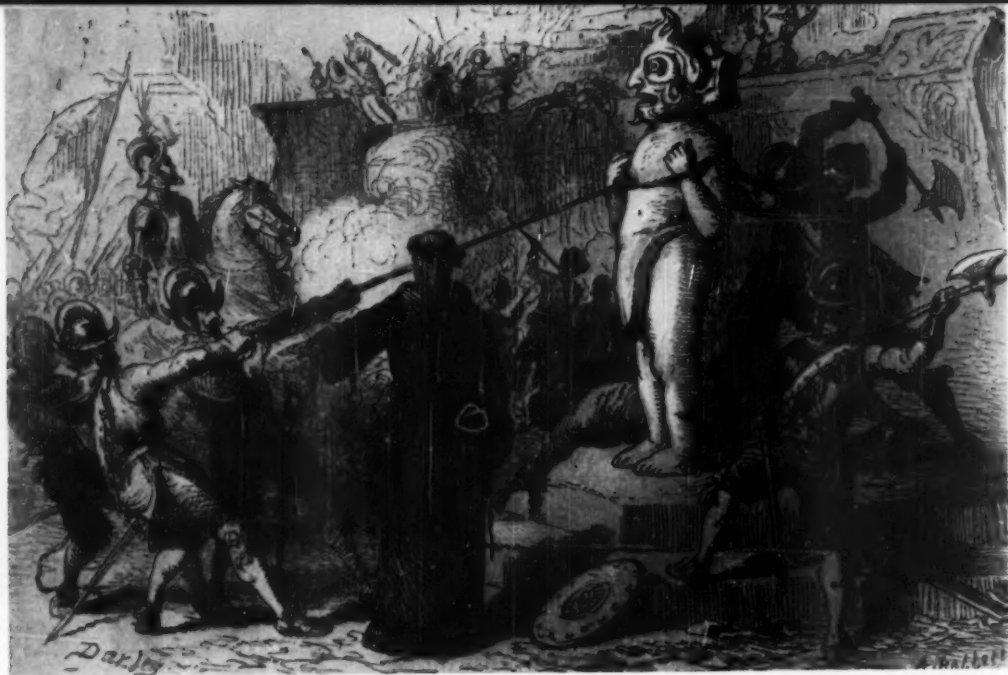
3. Above: From the pass between the two volcanoes Popocatepetl and Iztacihuatl, Hernán Cortés first saw Tenochtitlán spread out in the valley below. Slave-hunters sailing along the eastern coast of Mexico had brought back to Cuba tales of fabulous Indian kingdoms there, and in 1519 the Spanish governor, Diego Velázquez de León, authorized Cortés to lead an expedition of exploration and conquest. Ending jealous last-minute attempts to head him off, Cortés slipped away from Cuba and in April disembarked near Veracruz. At first he was cordially received by Moctezuma's emissaries, but as the little army advanced into the highlands, winning the support of subject peoples who hoped to throw off the Aztec yoke, friendship turned to suspicion.

5. Right: Tenochtitlán falls to the Spanish. Driven out with heavy losses at the end of June 1520, Cortés prepared to retake the city. He got together an army, made thousands of vassal Indians his allies, and constructed a fleet of small boats. In May of the following year his forces laid siege to the capital by land and water. The defenders, led by Cuauhtémoc, the new—and last—Aztec king, held out until the thirteenth of August.



4. Above: Despite their uneasiness and their failure to persuade the invaders to stop short of the city, the people of Tenochtitlán received the Spaniards with rich presents. Many believed that their white leader was the promised reincarnation of the god Quetzalcoatl. But when in June 1520 a feared uprising was put down by the slaughter of several hundred Indians, and Moctezuma was taken as a hostage, the Aztecs revolted in earnest. Appearing before his subjects in an attempt to pacify them, Moctezuma became the victim of their rage: the populace stoned him to death.





6. Above: Hardly a trace of Tenochtitlan can be seen today. Not only had it been damaged during the fighting, but the Spaniards set about demolishing it as soon as they took possession. They razed the buildings, drained the canals, tore down the causeways, filled in much of the surrounding territory. They were particularly anxious in destroying evidence of the Aztecs' history and heathen religion. On the site they built a new capital for the colony of New Spain—Mexico City. The fate of Tenochtitlan was shared by the other cities of the Aztec empire.



7. Left: Miguel Hidalgo y Costilla, first leader of Mexican independence. A poor priest of the town of Dolores, in central Mexico, Hidalgo had worked for years to improve his parishioners' lot, and had joined a secret revolutionary society in nearby Querétaro which was plotting to overthrow the viceroys. Early on the morning of September 16, 1810, he received word that the conspiracy had been discovered. Quickly summoning his congregation, he called upon the people to revolt, concluding with the fiery words that have come to be known as the Grito de Dolores. The early victories of Hidalgo and the thousands of followers who gathered around him gradually gave way to a series of defeats and to a complete rout at Calderón Bridge in January 1811. Captured as he fled north, Hidalgo was tried, excommunicated, and shot.

8. Above: Storming the Granaditas fortress in Guanajuato. This building, designed originally as a granary, was the last stronghold in the city to fall to Hidalgo's insurgents. When they failed to break into it, the heroism of a poor called Pupila saved the day. Placing a large, flat stone on his back as a shield, he seized torch and turpentine, made his way to the massive wooden door, and set fire to it. Later, after the rebellion had been crushed and Hidalgo and three of his lieutenants executed, the Spaniards mounted their heads on the four corners of the fortress as a lesson to other revolutionaries.



9. Left: The independence forces did not profit by this bloody example. José María Morelos y Pavón, also a priest and a friend and disciple of Hidalgo, succeeded him as insurrectionary chief. Besides winning many battles in widely scattered parts of Mexico, Morelos called a congress in 1813 which declared Mexico's independence and put forth a social program including abolition of slavery, eradication of class distinctions, correction of tax abuses, and a number of other reforms. Within two years, Morelos too went down to defeat and execution.

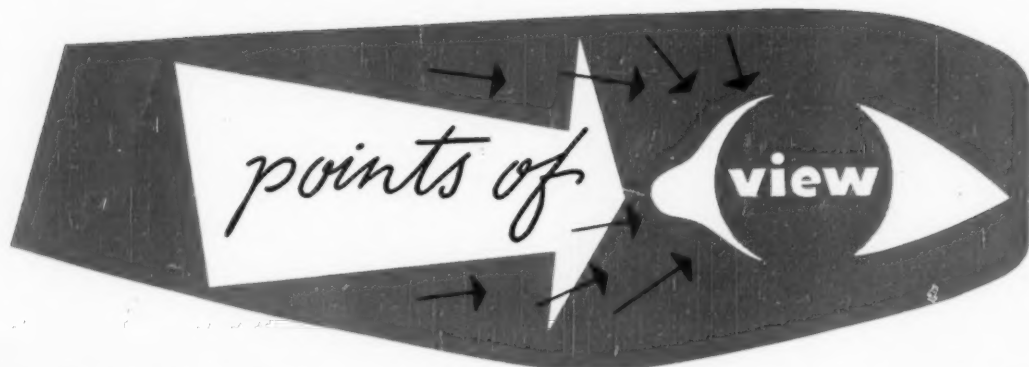


10. Left: Benito Juárez, Mexico's national hero, honored equally for his liberal statesmanship and his gallant resistance to the French interlopers. When his reform laws, embodied in the Constitution of 1857, caused the conservatives to revolt, he led the ultimately successful government forces through the resulting three-year civil war. The enormous job of reconstruction was barely begun before the colonial ambitions of Napoleon III sent a French army to Mexico. Though they lost Mexico City in 1862, the Juaristas kept up a running guerrilla warfare, moving the republican capital from place to place, even after the Austrian archduke Maximilian von Habsburg—in an attempt to provide the new government with a semblance of independence—was proclaimed emperor.



11. Above: Maximilian's reign could not outlast the withdrawal of the French troops, brought about in 1867 by a U. S. ultimatum to Napoleon. During a last-ditch stand against the Juaristas at Querétaro in May, Maximilian was betrayed by General López of his own forces. On the morning of June 19, the one-time emperor and his aides Generals Miramón and Mejía were executed by a firing squad. Once again, Juárez returned to Mexico City to reorganize the nation in the face of ruin, poverty, and political opposition, and to put his reform program into effect. Death ended these efforts on July 18, 1872, shortly after he had been elected to his third term as President.





### WHAT KIND OF WORLD?

EVER SINCE 1492, America has been an unfailing source of interest to Europeans—more than that, a source of wonder, admiration, scorn. It has also seemed at times a symbol of hope to “a Europe surfeited with fighting, poisoned with rules and legislation, full of hatreds, rivalries, and mistrust, tortured by fears of war, death, and suffering,” as Arturo Usler-Pietri describes it in the Venezuelan bimonthly *Revista Nacional de Cultura*. The Europe he refers to here is not the continent flattened by World War II; what he means is the Europe to which Columbus sent his first reports of the wonderful Indies. Such as they are, Europe’s views on America have always been violent. Usler-Pietri’s article, which follows, greatly condensed, presents two diametrically opposed opinions. Both hinge on the fact that America was “different from the world Europeans lived in.”

Different and, at least in Renaissance minds, better. That was a time when “there was a desire to change social, aesthetic, religious ideals; to find again and re-establish the content and continuity of remote and supposedly better ages; to return to the science and culture of antiquity, to the ethical standards of early Christianity. These ideals seemed realized in the New World. What the travelers had seen there was exactly like the Scriptural Garden of Eden and the Golden Age of the classical poets: The Indians were free, and lived in a marvelous relationship with nature. They went naked, they had no concept of property, they were ignorant of luxury, they barely knew

the use of weapons. “They do not have iron or steel,” wrote Columbus; they “are without deceit, and so liberal with what they have.”

“It is highly significant that the discoverer of Thomas More’s Utopia was pictured as a companion of Vespucci’s. Life on this famed fictional isle of perfection closely follows the descriptions of America; the Utopians’ virtues are very much like those of Columbus’ Indians. The repercussions of More’s book were tremendous. The Western world saw a vision of happiness, a world safe from the ills of Europe—a vision linked to a certain extent with America.

“This feeling inevitably led many to consider colonization a source of evil. Some at once gave thought to the need

for preventing such a catastrophe, for finding a way to keep a corrupt and decadent Europe from infecting America and to maintain intact the essentials of that marvelous social system. There were those who not only thought this way, but from the start carried on social experiments on American soil to determine the social order most appropriate for the Indians.”

As early as 1516, friars were busy in Hispaniola trying to set up a proper society. “In 1518 Bartolomé de las Casas succeeded in winning concession of a mainland site near Cumaná [in present-day Venezuela] for the establishment of a society of Indians and Castilian farmers under a new Christian nobility, the Knights of the Golden Spur. Only a feeble beginning came of this attempt, and it soon ended in bloody failure.

“But many went even further, believing that the thing to do was to perfect what America already had so that it in turn might save the rest of humanity. This was the view of the early humanist friars. And Vasco de Quiroga’s hospital villages in Michoacán, Mexico, were simply the social ideals of More’s *Utopia* put into practice among the Indians. He did not look upon them as an experiment. His intention was not to bring a Golden Age to the Indians, but to carry on the one they were already living in. He was awed by the possibility that Europe, following the American example, might reform and return to forgotten ideals. Nothing less than “to reform and restore and legitimize Christian life and doctrine and its holy simplicity, gentleness, humility, piety, and charity through a renescent

Canasta Uruguaya



The fever spreads to Mexico. “They’ve been waiting an hour at the church,” protests bridesmaid. Bride: “I’m coming—just let me finish this hand.”—Excelsior, Mexico City

Church in this Golden Age among the natives" was the plan he proposed to the Emperor.

"This ideal spread over Europe. Montaigne picked it up, speaking of the savages as perhaps happier and more perfect than civilized men. From him Shakespeare acquired the Utopian vision he pictured in *The Tempest*. The *Gazette de France* said: 'Our navigators who have studied [America] well assure us that a taste for liberty is inherent in the land, the skies, the jungles, and the lakes, which makes it impossible to compare this vast, still-new region to other parts of the universe. They are convinced that every European transported to those climes must acquire that characteristic.'

"The Jesuit experiment at saving America from European contamination was one of the strangest, most intense and sustained known attempts at a Utopian society. In their thirty 'reductions' in Paraguay the Jesuits tried to create a world apart. Spaniards did not penetrate their closed precincts, and the fathers, who taught Latin and music to the neophytes, did not favor their learning Spanish. Most of the property was held collectively. Life was devoted to religion and work. Each person had an assigned place. No one was allowed more than he needed. Alcoholism and begging were abolished. Every family received a plot of land sufficient to feed itself, and some work animals. In addition, they cultivated the communal lands, whose produce was stored against bad harvests, and was also used to cover expenses and support widows, orphans, and invalids. For two and a half centuries this experiment continued. The white rows of reduction houses rose over the solitudes of the Chaco and the pampa; their stone churches were large and beautiful. When it all ended with the expulsion of the Jesuits, that singular Arcadia vanished; soon nothing remained but ruined stone porticos abandoned to the tropical underbrush."

Different from Europe, and called to a different destiny. With the rise of rationalist thought in the eighteenth century, the idea of American strangeness cropped up again, in another manner entirely. "What had seemed virtues came to seem defects. The

Indian was no longer a happy survivor of the lost Golden Age. Now he was a degenerate. America was a continent that had never gone beyond the prehistoric dampness.

"Buffon, with the almost supreme authority he had in his time, declared: 'There exists in the combination of elements and other physical causes something contrary to the growth of living nature in the New World, where man lived in small numbers, dispersed and wandering; where, far from being the master, he exercised no dominion; where, never having subjugated either the animals or the elements, not having dominated the seas, nor channeled the rivers, nor worked the land, he did not exist for Nature except as a kind of automaton incapable of improving or helping her.' He found proof of this degeneracy in the animals. There were no elephants, rhinoceroses, camels, or hippopotamuses. The largest animals were 'four, six, eight, and ten times smaller than the beasts of the old continent.' The puma was 'smaller, weaker, and more cowardly than the true lion.' The tapir, 'that elephant of the New World, is the size of a six-month-old lamb or a tiny mule.' Nor was man an exception to what he called the 'general diminution of nature in the whole continent.'

"In 1768, in a book that became the axis of rationalist thought on America, the famous abbot Cornelius de Pauw repeated Buffon's concept with greater emphasis and more daring generalizations. 'It is without doubt a terrible spectacle,' he said, 'to see half of this globe so overlooked by nature that everything in it is degenerate or monstrous.' The idea was further broadcast by the well-known *History of America* published by the Scottish historian William Robertson in 1777. Abbé Raynal, in his philosophical history of the Indies, concluded that this was 'a recent world.'"

But the result of all the distortion was "a clearer and more objective understanding of American reality." A world that had not decayed as Europe had, or a subhuman world? In any case, says Usler-Pietri, a different one, "an idea that has always been associated with America, and has given peculiar meaning to its history."

## LIGHTS UP

NEITHER BROADWAY nor Rio's Cine-landia offers any more exciting spectacle than the spontaneous drama to be seen in the back-country festivals of Brazil, opines an anonymous contributor to the Rio *Jornal de Letras*. St. John's Day, for example. Here is one of Brazil's most traditional holidays, partly religious, partly an occasion for gay *festas*. June 24 is winter in Brazil, and the bonfires lighted in rural settlements provide not only roast potatoes and the basis for a popular game, but also welcome warmth.

"The stage is a tiny village, and the whole population takes part in the show. The play begins in the kitchens, where women are at work grinding coconuts, grating corn, sifting hominy and filling enormous pots with it. The children are deep in the forest gathering wood for the bonfire. The girls cut out little flags of colored paper, and in a corner of the room *Seu* (a familiar form of *Senhor*) Antônio stacks up piles of rockets and the beautiful pictures to be painted in fire in the sky on St. John's night. One of them is the rocket-makers' pride: the national flag surrounded by flowers.

"Throughout the day preparations are under way: a greased pole is set up in the patio; bamboo archways are built; leaves and palms are strewn over the ground; tents are put up; cords are stretched for the flags; the saint's altar in *Sã* (short for *Senhora*) Chiquinha's parlor is draped with embroidered cloth. On the streets young folk are mysteriously busy—whispering, giggling, exchanging packages of materials. Attracted by the music of an accordion, some boys try to peep through chinks in the doors and windows of a house where a mock wedding is in rehearsal.

"Night falls, cold and starry. From the farms come ox carts carrying the guests, dressed up in gay calico and straw hats adorned with large paper flowers. Waves of dust darken the light from the lanterns and soil the little flags. The wind blows down some of the bamboo arches and threatens the greased pole, but helpful hands promptly repair the damage. The musicians have taken their place

on the bandstand. Someone gets the fire going. Potatoes are buried in the earth around it; green corn is stuck on skewers. Children and dogs are the chief spectators of these preliminaries, for the grown-ups haven't yet caught the enthusiasm. Families begin to arrive, and the first rockets go off. Atop the greased pole a hundred-cruzeiro bill dangles from the saint's banner. The children are all in a dither, trying to climb the pole: 'You're not allowed to take sand with you in your pockets!'

"Target shooting, raffles, corn-meal biscuits, a variety of crackers, St. John's fortune-telling. The kind taken from a book isn't any fun, but the others—looking into a glass of water or at coffee grounds or the white of an egg, or drawing lots at midnight—these are really infallible.

"Seu Antônio smiles happily. St. John's picture shines in the sky. There is a general murmur of admiration. 'How lovely! Why, it's like a miracle!' This is a foretaste of the biggest event of the evening.

"The scene shifts toward the door of one of the houses. The 'bridegroom's mother,' his 'best man,' the 'maid of honor,' and the guests take their places in an oxcart that creaks its way to São Chiquinha's garden (she's supposed to be the bride's mother). The 'bride' then comes out all excited, singing risqué verses. The procession goes on to the 'police precinct,' right on the bandstand. So they're married in the precinct station, which gives rise to all kinds of jokes. Returning a little more solemnly, the procession goes into the girl's house. Then the great actor of the evening comes on stage, playing the role of the priest. His sermon arouses much hilarity.

"When the ceremony is over, the best man and the maid of honor give speeches at the table. They eat, they drink, they make noisy fun as the *fiesta* goes on out in the patio. The youngsters are still trying to climb the pole; the band is playing, and the *barraquinhas* (little country-fair stands) attract those who weren't invited. Finally, bride and groom appear hand in hand in the patio and skip over the fire, followed by all the other young couples. Seu Antônio sets

off the national flag surrounded by flowers, and smiles contentedly at its perfection. Singers start their *desafios*—'challenges,' a performance in which one fellow sings a quatrain, and the next improvises another to the same tune—and the bride takes part too. Later on, in São Chiquinha's parlor they all join in a square dance. At midnight on the dot the music stops and the girls go to wash their faces by the stream, for on that evening the water has miraculous beautifying properties for the skin. And now it's time for the fortunes. . . .

"How much theater there is in St. John's celebrations! What wonderful shows our folk festivals are—here's living material for playwrights, making use of excellent players who have never set foot on a stage. There will be no true theater in Brazil until we have learned how to make full use of what is ours, our own traditional artistic potentialities. As yet, Brazilian theater has no personality of its own; it is made up of imports. Yet what wealth lies waiting for the prospector!

"In view of our failure to explore such rich sources, one must praise an attempt on the part of the SESI (Industrial Social Service, an industry-sponsored organization to which all employers contribute) to help the cultural development of industrial workers through literacy classes, libraries, dance and drama courses.

"Our industrial workers come from the fields and bring into the cities a genuine tradition at its purest. The chance offered them by SESI to develop their artistic talents is not only a defense of such traditions, but also a powerful incentive for the theater in Brazil. Spontaneity in contact with technique will give the theater what it needs to speed up the birth of a legitimately Brazilian theater.

"That the authorities have been neglecting this aspect of our art can be seen from the difficulties experienced by the Brazilian Folklore Theater, so worthy of support and yet forced to suspend activity for lack of it.

"Progressive management has therefore provided a stop-gap. With SESI's support, we feel certain that many folk theaters will develop among workers and that industry backing will keep them out of mercenary hands."

## MEXICAN MURAL

FASCINATED BY Mexico's three layers of culture—"the dramatic thing is the absence of a common element amalgamating the various historical ingredients"—the Argentine writer Angélica Mendoza attempts to explain the fascination in the Buenos Aires monthly *Sur*. The ornate Spanish colonial structure is superimposed on "the ancient reality of . . . austere beauty"; above it all, "poured into the cracks like plaster, is the mask of the new and contemporary."

Srta. Mendoza believes that, whatever else the 1910 Revolution accomplished, "it has achieved something new; it has given back the Indian's personal dignity by allowing him a place in the national life, and responsibility as an integral part of the social group. It has created a favorable climate for adventures of the mind, originating the most robust form of novel in America and the most authentic and universal plastic expression in the continent's contemporary art." Like the other Latin American nations, Mexico "rose to independence from a colonial and feudal situation imposed from outside, and set itself up on the basis of borrowed constitutions and principles." For a long time "the true face of America had been forgotten and scorned."

How completely the great mass of people was ignored is shown, says Srta. Mendoza, by the "32 castes into which colonial Mexican society was divided. The Spanish and colonial nucleus tried to keep power concentrated in the hands of its own members: the Mexican's dislike of the *gachupin*, or rich Spaniard, lies in an old awareness of this caste system. . . .

"The Mexican people is one of the handsomest, most intuitive, skillful, and creative in America. The farmer, hard-working and patient, wrests a difficult living from his *milpa* in the rocky mountains or in arid land; he cultivates his corn and beans, raises chickens and pigs, and keeps a burro. He dresses in white, his long shirttails tied together in front, and wears a wide hat and *huaraches*, all of native manufacture. It is the dress one sees on the Zapatistas of Rivera's murals in Cuernavaca. . . .

"Along the perfect roads up and down the meseta and the Valley of Mexico the Mexican countryman travels, accompanied by his burro and followed by his dogs—the leanest and friendliest dogs in the world. At times the acquisition of a cow, some goats, and sheep lends a dignity that suits the countryman's erect bearing and lordly manners. His fine hands and small feet finish off an elegant figure topped by a head of straight black hair, a coppery face with expressive slanting eyes, a relaxed and at the same time cautious glance. It is an American face, plastic as no other is, closed and warm like the faces of all those who have direct and loving contact with the earth.

"When he goes down into town or to Mexico City to visit Guadalupe . . . his wife accompanies him, her dark face fresh like fruit and her tiny figure enveloped in a cotton *rebozo*. Sometimes this is woven of neutral, earthy colors; sometimes it is splendid with reds. Wrapped in the *rebozo* she carries her baby or her purchases from the market; if she is pure Indian, her steps will be small and rapid. In the plazas and markets she seats herself on the ground, spreads her wide skirt, and sets out before her the small products of home industry: little baskets, boxes made of fresh, scented orangewood painted and carved, puppets and animals of glass, or remedies against the evil eye—all made with precision and affection.

"A Mexican market is a mixture of the perfumes of herbs, jerked beef, manure, fried *tacos*, tortillas, spilled *pulque*, tropical fruits, and the inevitable chicle, together with the smell of warm humanity. There is unique charm in the display of flowers, showy *rebozos*, medicinal-herb and love-philiter stands, hanging sarapes, feather dusters, and finely braided bags in incredible colors. And then the people's speech, of an undulating rhythm filled with tenderness, even in threats and insults.

"In Cuernavaca I saw the loveliest of all the markets. Alongside it, in a steep narrow street, is a tiny chapel. Its atrium is adorned with plants and fountains, and inside hang cages of singing birds. Market smells and sounds penetrate the chapel, introduc-

ing a domestic, rural feeling that brings a man close to the God in whose providence—swift, everyday, and blended with his work and worries—he trusts. The image's robes are covered with offerings—legs, eyes, hands, domestic animals, birds, and scorpions, together with hearts of various sizes and kinds, in silver. . . .

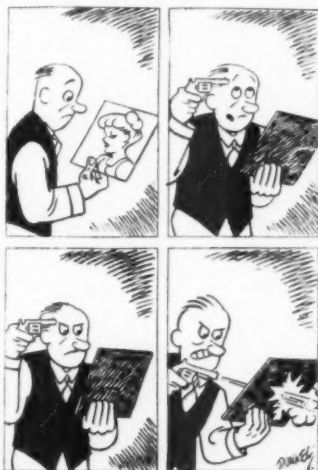
"The Mexican sense of the supernatural is a profound force. Indian rites have an ancient and primordial flavor, alien to European rationalizations. They are the ancient mysteries that man practiced in bygone times, when nature still had voices and unknown powers that man preferred to feel, rather than know and dominate. The gods walk freely through woods and mountains; if we turn the earth in the Valley of Mexico, things that history has not yet classified come to light. So time has another dimension in Mexico."

Related to this sense of mystery is "a sharp awareness of death—death as an expected end, part of the natural train of happenings in the eternal cycle. It is part of life itself, united to it as shadow is to light." Hence the ancient Mexican idea of death is basically different from the Christian—"dense, profound, vivid, and ancient . . . and free of death's burden of fear and anguish. The countryman comes down from the mountain at great hardship to buy himself a shroud; he carries it to his poor, bare house and

leaves it under the bed or in a corner, waiting for the inevitable moment. Simply and serenely he prepares his permanent resting place, as calmly as he watches his cornfields.

"For the Day of the Dead, he goes down to the Valley of Mexico carrying offerings of *cempazúchil* to the dead, and dances beside his relatives' graves. We in the cities eat bread and candies in the shape of skulls or corpses; and as we eat them we enjoy a sense of communion, of attachment to an endless chain of beings. . . . The theme of death appears in Mexico's popular art in a wealth of forms from the religious to the satiric. The *corridos*, the *mañanitas*, and other songs play with death and offer it to us as jovial and amusing. The *calaveras*, or skulls, are a kind of epigram in which final judgment is made on Mexican leaders in a picaresque, derisive, and ingenious manner."

In the Museum of Anthropology in Mexico City, Srta. Mendoza found a statue that to her incarnates the whole pre-Hispanic, still influential philosophy—"the terrible double-faced monolith representing Coatlicue, the universal mother," bearing the symbols of creation and of destruction. "Something disturbing and fascinating emanates from the whole figure—life and death in a symbolic mixture, united by the sign of the cosmic serpent. Coatlicue embodies the immortal force of love and the eternal contradiction of death. She has given life to men and gods. She has peopled the entire universe, and her sons, the stars, populate the skies. Day after day the sun, Huitzilopochtli, the young warrior, comes from her womb to ascend into the heavens, after conquering his brothers, the stars, and his sister, the moon. He is raised by the souls of warriors killed in battle or in sacrifice and, as evening falls, he descends in the grasp of the souls of women who died in childbirth. Coatlicue is the fertile earth and the protecting night, the creator and devourer of her own sons; from her life is born, to her it returns. Beside her the Hindu and Asiatic images are reduced to the merely decorative and sensual; even Egyptian statuary is dwarfed before the hurricane of meaning that pours from the Aztec image."





## A NEW NAYARIT

David C. Fulton

I'LL NEVER FORGET one hot September morning a little over a year ago, when a group of seventeen excited men and ten no less enthusiastic women arrived in the remote town of Santiago Ixcuintla, State of Nayarit, on Mexico's west coast. Most of us were from the United States—mainly of college age. But there were also a Costa Rican, an Englishman, an Italian, and two Mexicans from the plateau. Tropical Nayarit was as new to them as to us. We were the first contingent of volunteers enlisted by the U.S. Quakers to work in the Mexican Government's new Pilot Project in Basic Education.

The five-year project's aims, as explained by its dynamic director, Mario Aguilera Dorantes, are broad in scope: "to build a new man in a new society—a man who is sound in health and well equipped with the tools of mind and hand necessary to dominate his physical environment; a man possessing the cultural attainments to make life something to enjoy; above all, a man who has learned that through working together the human family can end exploitation of the many by the few and can find a road leading to abundance, freedom, and peace." The plan was modeled on the UNESCO Fundamental Education Program.

As a laboratory for the bold experiment, the government chose some 44,000 acres of land in the Santiago River Valley which 23,000 people call home. It is a rich area, but only potentially, for it has many problems: it needs better medical facilities, diversified crops, decent roads, electricity, better schools.

Director Aguilera called in engineers, educators, craftsmen, an artist, and agricultural technicians. But he felt he also needed the support of people in other countries. The presence of foreigners, he hoped, would broaden the



*Children of La Trozada and their pets were favorites of volunteer workers in Mexican Basic Education Pilot Project*

outlook of the local citizens, introducing them to alien cultures; in the same way the foreigners, living in a world very different from their own, would grow in understanding and appreciation of the Valley's special problems. So he turned to the American Friends Service Committee, an old hand at international teamwork; and that's how volunteer workers like us landed in Mexico.

We left the girls in Santiago, for they were to concentrate on recreation work, teaching crafts and games to school children there and in surrounding communities. Then we struck out in a truck for La Trozada, eighteen jolting miles away.

Except for a gleaming new school, the showplace of the town, buildings in La Trozada were pretty rudimentary: windowless log dwellings thatched with palm leaves, with earth floors. Some of the more prosperous-looking houses were of adobe and stucco, but even these had no windows, electricity, or running water. The streets were dirt—or, rather, mud; one of our first jobs was a drainage system to make the main street passable.

We found the old schoolhouse that was to be our quarters alive with scorpions and other only slightly less repulsive creatures. There wasn't a stick of furniture. And the roof leaked. We plunged at once into an ambitious remodeling job. We repaired, whitewashed, screened; we installed a sink and shower; we made furniture. At first some of our neighbors thought we were in the furniture business, and asked us to make tables, chairs, or chests for them. We countered by showing them they could make the same things themselves, and probably better.

After finishing the house, we worked about the community wherever we were needed, turning our hand at



everything from ditch-digging to vaccinating pigs against hog cholera, which annually takes a tremendous toll. We would wake at about five in the morning to the crowing of roosters and braying of donkeys. Kerosene lamps were already burning in nearby houses, and we could hear the steady slap, slap of the women beating out dough for tortillas. The men had gone into the fields to cultivate their corn, chile peppers, beans, or tobacco, which, along with bananas and sugar cane, are the valley's chief crops.

The Pilot Project planted a field of hybrid corn to furnish seeds to the local farmers. One of our minor tasks was to help these farmers build a causeway from the Santiago River bank to an island, whose rich soil would make it a valuable production center. Another was working with a group of fathers of school children in seeding to tobacco the ten-acre parcel allocated to the school in every Mexican communal village. Every year La Trozada School derives a big slice of its revenue from this parcel.

Working side by side with Aguilera and his capable staff, we gradually modified our sweeping ideas about "making things over." Realizing that change comes slowly, these technicians geared their methods to a long-range program, always insisting that initiative must come from the valley people.

We had a lot to learn about life in rural Mexico. One of our teachers was 22-year-old Luis Valera. He managed the refreshment stand in La Trozada and, although he had never gone beyond the sixth year in school, was keenly intelligent. In his spare time he had written and illustrated a book picturing life in Nayarit, particularly the Santiago River Valley, covering its history, govern-

ment, and economic activities. Later we discovered that Luis was also a poet, that he drew quite well, that he had studied Greek on his own, and was dying to learn English. So we exchanged lessons—Spanish for English, a happy arrangement for both.

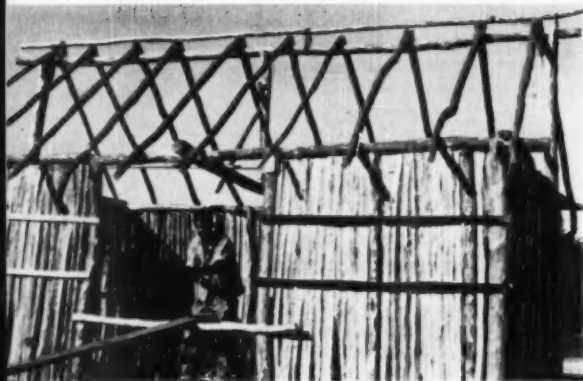
We spent several weeks painting, scrubbing, and generally refurbishing three schools in the valley. There we came to appreciate the sense of dedication of the cheerful, competent rural school teachers, who are willing to endure enormous sacrifices and extremely low pay to make a better world for their people. At their request, we started English classes for them, and the U.S. Embassy in Mexico City sent slides, a projector, and movies as aids in teaching sanitation and better farming. Later came attractive books in Spanish about health, farming techniques, care of children, U.S. history. This formed the nucleus of a small library that the volunteers expanded and presented to the La Trozada School.

The children, too, were friendly. In La Trozada we held several fiestas for them, with homemade ice cream as the biggest attraction. In the evenings, some of the teen-age schoolboys would gather in our house to talk, to listen to records on our little hand-crank phonograph, or to look at the pictures in U.S. magazines, which always fascinated them.

After about three months had passed, a traveling vaudeville show set up its tent in the rude plaza at La Trozada. The performances were spiced with references to well-known local lights like Pedro Abud, the leading merchant, and Pájaro, the barber-postman. Then a character swaggered out on the stage garbed in a gaudy, ill-fitting get-up. Asked where his outfit came from, he replied tartly: "A gift from the *norteamericanos*,

*Project aims to boost sanitation, health, education, farming methods in Nayarit countryside like this*





*Volunteer worker helps move a house. Project transformed Amapa from confused jumble to an orderly, planned town •*



*La Trozada villagers and Project members join forces on a drainage job in sanitation campaign*

*Below: Pilot Project built causeway to fertile island in Santiago River at La Trozada*



of-course." It brought down the house, and we knew we had been accepted by La Trozada.

After that we were in demand for all kinds of services. Our ancient Dodge truck, one of the few in town, occasionally hauled the La Trozada ball team to other villages for Sunday games. Sometimes, we would get a more serious call: to provide ambulance service to Santiago. Often we were asked to photograph corpses of dead babies so their families would have something to remember them by. When the villagers learned that we had a well-stocked medicine chest, they flocked to us with cuts, headaches, and stomach troubles. To help defeat the chronic dysentery so prevalent in the region, we tried to interest people in boiling the well water before drinking it. Our preachings only provoked amazement. Most people, it turned out, would not drink well water, boiled or not, because they disliked its taste. Instead, they bought water from a vending wagon, which obtained its supply from the Santiago River, into which the city of Santiago, a few miles upstream, dumped its sewage.

The matter of health was important to all of us. Several of the volunteers were laid up by illnesses contracted because we were unaccustomed to the food, and one boy had jaundice. The girls escaped from the other chief health hazard menacing everyone in the valley—malaria—but two of the men had severe sieges.

Many people have asked me about our relations with the Catholic Church. There was a church in La Trozada, but no regular parish priest. Mass was usually said by a young priest from Tepic, the state capital. From the beginning he was our friend and mentor and often a guest at our house. In a group representing every shade of religious faith and opinion, we never heard a word of prejudice or intolerance.

During those first six months, the project piled up many concrete accomplishments. For example, it transformed Amapa, another communal village near Santiago, from a jumble of disorder into a model town. Each house now has its own neatly fenced yard; straight streets replace the former crooked paths, and a new park has been added. All this involved moving over a hundred houses, mostly of the palm-log variety. Under the direction of the project staff, the people of Amapa and the *norteamericanos* willingly supplied the labor. It was hard work, but we were all pleased by the result, and 90 per cent of the householders gained land through the move. Amapa now has co-ops for marketing produce, for breeding and vaccinating pigs. It also boasts a new credit union, and an organization to care for the sick and aged. Amapa has learned the lesson of community cooperation.

But I think the volunteers learned more than anyone else. Besides finding out how to build furniture, speak Spanish, and take care of the sick, we learned that Mexican villagers are an honest, lovable, and industrious people. We learned that hot water is not a criterion of civilization. We learned the tragedy of death in a land where death is too common. And we learned that you can be very rich with few material advantages.

**MARGARITA** (Continued from page 8)

sented the gracious image to the town. Her admirers so decorated her by night with mustaches, chalked mottos, and realistic but impractical suggestions, that the city fathers finally had her taken from the plaza and unceremoniously dumped in the market. There she is unmolested by the gallants who brought about her downfall, and no one notices her at all. Her *dñor* left Margarita long ago. In the plaza, on a pedestal worthy of something better, stands a hideous, lumpy little concrete effigy of a child, as unnoticed in the place of honor as the mermaid in the market.

Inland from the beaches, the *margariteño* is an implacable agriculturist, despite mediocre soil and chronic lack of water. On Margarita, a sprinkle twice a week makes a pretty soggy rainy season by local standards, and there are some rainy seasons with no rain at all. Most of the water that falls trickles down the narrow valleys and vanishes into the porous limestone structure of the soil, never to reappear. However, there are two alleviations, one natural, one man-made. Somewhere beneath the surface, faults in the limestone channel the rainfall toward a depression in the middle of this part of the island. There, much admired by the *margariteños*, lies the "lake," a couple of acres of shallow, murky water, at times less brackish than at others. There go the dusty 1950 automobiles to be laved to pristine glitter, while their bathing-suited owners also enjoy a bath.

The man-made improvement is a big dam above Asunción, built four or five years ago by the government. This traps nearly every drop of water that falls in the neighborhood, conserving it for the little city's water supply and to dole out a few gallons here and there for irrigation of the small cornfields and vegetable gardens. At the time the dam was built, the government also dug a number of wells into the limestone, and laid a few miles of pipe serving the three or four tiny villages in the interior. When the wells run dry, water must be brought in ships from the mainland. But at least the supply is better now than ever before.

The few cattle and pigs have long since learned to eat the scrubby growth of the hillsides, to luxuriate in dampness when there is water, and to go without when there is none. The donkeys vary their diet with cactus, suffering the spiny bayonets for the sake of the bitter juice that fills the thick pads. The chickens are creatures of the dust, chasing noisy bugs in the intense sunlight and getting their small water ration from the family's supply.

For all their dedication to work, the *margariteños* have their fun. They are avid week-end cockfighters, swimmers, and sailors. They play such a tight brand of baseball that big-city teams from the mainland come out regularly, often return with the short end of the score.

The island, which sees few tourists, is beautiful enough to attract many. The beaches are long, white, and clean, curving here and there into bays and harbors. The water is clear and green, and the little towns that look out over the sea are colorful and pleasant, shaded by tall palms.

Inland, the island is broken up by rocky hills and

twisting valleys, and one two-thousand-foot, flat-topped mountain cone towers over the lovely little town and bay of Paraguache. Each little village has its small but massive church. Nearly every one of these was built centuries ago by the Spaniards, and here and there on the hills the unmistakable solid length of stone wall and sweeping roof line betrays a house that has sat there since the Conquest. Atop the high, steep hill behind the capital city of Asunción squats a tiny seventeenth-century fort, a miniature of the great structures of Havana, San Juan, and Cartagena.

This little fortress, long abandoned and half in ruins, is the only reminder of the incredible violence of the island's history. In the thirty years after Alonso de Ojeda went ashore on Margarita in 1499, the avid Spaniards had nearly exterminated the pearl-bearing oysters, had enslaved and decimated the native populations of Cubagua and the mainland.

But the Guayaquerías of Margarita did not take kindly to slavery. They fought back with such vigor that the Spaniards had docile Lucayan divers brought all the way from the Bahamas to bring up the pearls, which Juan de Castellanos wrote were stacked up in the royal custom house like wheat in a mill.

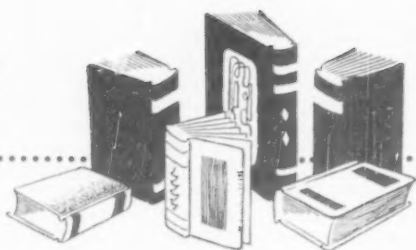
Later, after pirates and hurricanes had destroyed the city of Nueva Cádiz on Cubagua, and the settlement moved to Margarita, Marcelo de Villalobos asked the king for a fort to protect them against the Guayaquerías. Walking in the silent courtyard of the old fort, one can easily imagine the crazed and blasphemous Lope de Aguirre garroting opponents and allies indiscriminately, looting the royal treasury, and wantonly murdering a devout monk who refused him absolution after listening to his frightful confession.

In the dungeons the king's forces imprisoned Doña Luisa Cáceres de Arismendi, wife of the leader of the rebellion against Spain. When they threatened to kill her fifteen-year-old son unless she betrayed the hiding place of her husband's forces, she refused. There within the thick walls the Spaniards shot the boy, and the *margariteños* under Arismendi rose and drove the king's army off the island.

Three times in four years the Spaniards captured Asunción and occupied the little fort, but the *margariteños* never let up. They fought with a steadfast fury that earned their watery domain its present name of New Sparta, in memory of Spartan Leonidas' last-ditch stand against the Persians. Later rulers than the Spaniards have had their troubles with Margarita. Refugees from the dictator Gómez could always get help on Margarita, and passage to somewhere else.

It is not surprising that *margariteños* are found in high places in Venezuela; for example, Education Minister Luis Prieto F. and the rector of the National University, Dr. Francisco Antonio Rísquez, are both islanders. So is the historian Msgr. Nicolás Navarro. So are many other prominent Venezuelans. But such pomp does not dazzle the *margariteño*; to him, there is no higher accolade than to have his fellows call him a "real sailor."

# BOOKS



## EARLY CHRONICLE OF NEW SPAIN

THE CORTÉS SOCIETY is to be congratulated for its publication of *Motolinia's History of the Indians of New Spain*. It has made available for the first time in English (although probably through libraries rather than through individual ownership, since the edition is limited to 500 copies) the complete text of one of the most widely quoted primary sources of post-Conquest Mexico.

Elizabeth Andros Foster, too, is to be congratulated for her translation. She has succeeded in keeping the flavor of the original by following its natural, somewhat discursive style, which will be recognized at once by anyone familiar with the Spanish texts of sixteenth-century chroniclers. It is a pleasure to read her lucid and literate English, unencumbered by the archaic words or artificial phrases that would have tempted a less capable writer.

One hundred years ago "Motolinia, Fray Toribio de Paredes," as he signed himself, was probably better known in the United States than he is today, in spite of the fact that at that time his *Historia de los Indios de la Nueva España* and his very similar *Memoriales* had never been published, in Spanish or in any other language. For by 1850 seven editions of the *Conquest of Mexico* had appeared in as many years, and Prescott not only cited him frequently, but inserted a brief biography of the Franciscan friar to whom his contemporaries and later generations have been indebted for much of their knowledge of early sixteenth-century Mexico.

Prescott was a poor prophet, however, when he said, "Yet Toribio's manuscript, valuable as it is to the historian, has never been printed, and has too little in it of popular interest, probably, ever to be printed." Only fifteen years later the *Historia* was published in Mexico, in the first volume of the *Colección de documentos para la historia de México*. Joaquín García Icazbalceta, the compiler, used for his text a copy of the manuscript owned by Prescott, and paid grateful tribute to the generosity of a fellow historian who went to great pains to share the material he had so painstakingly acquired: "This liberality, rare enough among writers, is deserving of greater applause and gratitude coming from a person almost deprived of sight, and occupied all the time with important historical labors."

Motolinia first appears in history as one of a group of Franciscans who arrived in Mexico in 1524. He adopted his sobriquet soon after he landed, and the incident reveals much of the man. The first Nahuatl word

to impress itself on him was "motolinia," which he heard the Indians muttering as they stared at the newcomers, conspicuous among the other Spaniards because they went barefooted and were clad in old and worn habits. When Fray Toribio learned that "motolinia" meant "poor," he at once said that henceforth it would be his name, because it was the first word of the new language he had learned—and doubtless too because of its appropriateness for one wedded to poverty.

There was everything to be done in those early years, but even so, the conquest of the Cross was no less amazingly rapid than the conquest of the sword. Monasteries sprang up all over New Spain, and the mission of converting the Indians was carried out with vigor. Motolinia recounts the conversion of the multitude—it was not unusual for a single priest to count his baptisms in one day by the thousands.

Fray Toribio was given administrative positions from the first. In such a society as was taking shape in the early decades of Spanish rule in Mexico, there was bound to be friction between secular and religious authority, particularly as the credentials given the friars in Spain granted them authority to intervene in civil and criminal cases. There was also friction between Franciscans and Dominicans, which in Motolinia's case was expressed in the personal antagonism that developed between him and Las Casas, although both were cham-



Illustration from Motolinia's *History of the Indians of New Spain*

pions of the native inhabitants.

Motolinia was from the start a friend of the Indians, whose language he took pains to learn, and for this reason, and because of his wide travels throughout the vicerealty, he was able to amass much information about them and their institutions. This he wrote down over a period of sixteen years as time allowed, "by stealing from my sleep some hours in which I have compiled this account."

The *Historia* is divided into three books, the first describing Indian rites and ceremonies, the second giving an account of the progress of the Christian faith among them, and the third telling of the land and the people. This summary cannot be entirely exact, however, because Motolinia put down any fact or anecdote that caught his fancy at the moment, whether germane at that point or not. Those who know twentieth-century Mexico will be particularly interested in his evaluation of the Indians as craftsmen, for their inherent talents have survived to this day.

Motolinia has been criticized as being unduly credulous. "Some apparently miraculous happenings," Miss Foster says in her introduction, "Fray Toribio does relate as fact; one could scarcely expect anything else, given his period and his training. . . . A certain critical sense and independence of judgment we must undoubtedly grant him. His contemporaries and immediate successors had no doubts whatever of his value as a first-hand source of information, and speak repeatedly of his accuracy and reliability."

In February 1541 he sent the manuscript, with an introductory letter, to Don Antonio Pimentel, Count of Benavente (a title that was characterized later in the century as the foremost in Spain), describing his work as being "about the ancient rites, idolatries, and sacrifices of the Indians of New Spain, and about the marvelous conversion which God has effected in them."

Before the manuscript was sent across the sea, however, Motolinia made parts or all of it available to others, including Fray Bartolomé de las Casas, Fray Gerónimo de Mendieta, and Alonso de Zurita, as is evident from their almost verbatim inclusion (often with credit, express or implied) of large portions of his material in their works. The *Historia* and *Memoriales* were also widely used by chroniclers of the Conquest in Spain.

To those who know Prescott, much of the contents of *The History of the Indians of New Spain* will be familiar. Yet Motolinia via Prescott is Motolinia amalgamated with other contemporary sources by the alchemy that any successful historian must be able to practice. It is true, as Prescott says, that the book "is written in the rambling, unconnected manner of a commonplace book, into which the author has thrown at random his notices of such matters as most interested him. But," he added, "as his integrity and his means of information were unquestionable, his work becomes of the first authority in relation to the antiquities of the country and its condition at the period of the Conquest."

Everyone interested in the early history of Mexico is indebted to the Cortés Society and to Miss Foster

for making available in English this authoritative picture of Mexico and the Mexicans as they were at the time the work was written.—Beatrice Newhall

MOTOLINIA'S HISTORY OF THE INDIANS OF NEW SPAIN, translated and edited by Elizabeth Andros Foster. Berkeley, California, The Cortés Society, 1950. 294 p. Illus.

## A FOUR-HUNDRED-YEAR BRAZILIAN

THE DESCENDANT of a long line of Portuguese colonizers in Brazil, Joaquim Aurelio Barreto Nabuco de Araujo—better known in his youth as "Handsome Jack"—was born in the port city of Recife, Pernambuco, on August 19, 1849. He was one of those bluebloods referred to today as the "four-hundred-year Brazilians." From the beginning, the rich northeastern state of his birth had attracted adventurous gentlemen desirous of continuing the Continental way of life. "Ships sailed away loaded with sugar and precious woods and brought back comforts and luxuries," as the renowned Brazilian novelist Carolina Nabuco tells us in her biography of her father, *The Life of Joaquim Nabuco*.



Brazilian statesman  
Joaquim Nabuco

His early childhood was impregnated with all the nostalgia of the *fazendas*. During his entire life, whether carrying out diplomatic duties at the Court of St. James's, writing vehemently as a newspaperman and author, practicing law, engaging in heated political debates, or making the most of his well-known gift as an orator, Joaquim Nabuco was never to forget the memories of his background: the stately home, the heavy tropical air under the mango trees, the family chapel in which he was baptized and where he later attended Mass, the aristocratic sugar-mill owners, and the oil portrait for which "he posed wearing the set of diamond buttons his mother had given him." Of these recollections, however, the imprint left by the singing, praying, and sometimes sobbing of the Negro slaves, which so often awakened him, was to remain as the life-long driving force behind his burning desire to wipe out slavery.

All the flavor of nineteenth- and early twentieth-century Brazil is captured in the pages of this book. It is worth wading through the numerous and often extended transcriptions of personal letters and documents to come across entertaining passages revealing the essentially sensitive Brazilian nature and its sophisticated



humor. For instance, when Nabuco was appointed Minister to London, fashionable groups "circulated the witty remark of a well-traveled and ironical writer: 'Nabuco is the ideal man for giving a false impression of Brazil abroad. He is tall, fair, and handsome.'"

First published in Brazil in 1923 and issued in a Spanish translation in Buenos Aires in 1943, this book is now available to the English-reading public in an objective, free-flowing translation done by Professor Ronald Hilton with the collaboration of three other Stanford University staff members. It should be of particular interest to students of things Brazilian.

They will live intimately with an aristocrat of an old family. They will find that in 1865, when young Nabuco left the booming North to go to law school, the dynamic industrial metropolis which is modern São Paulo was then a university city where "the students ruled supreme" and where "the few inhabitants lived behind shuttered windows and rarely appeared on the streets." They will be exposed to his contemporaries, a group of brilliant figures who participated in the making of their national history during the turbulent years of the fall of the Monarchy and the advent of the Republic, men who believed with all their hearts in the emancipation of the slaves. Fighting with every weapon we find Machado de Assis, the "patriarch of Brazilian letters"; Castro Alves, the "poet of the slaves," who was to emancipation in Brazil what Harriet Beecher Stowe was in the United States; José do Patrocínio, who made so many public speeches, always kneeling dramatically, eyes filled with tears, constantly reminding his audience that he himself was a member of the oppressed race.

The reader will not fail to appreciate the behind-the-scenes influence of the Brazilian woman. Bitter political opponents were brought together at the informal Thursday gatherings conducted by Joaquim's mother, Dona Ana, when his father was a senator in Rio de Janeiro. It was at one of the frequent meetings in the home of a certain Dona Marocas, in January 1898, that Nabuco's fellow monarchists first noticed that after ten years of self-imposed exile from public life and politics, his reconciliation with the Republic was imminent.

For those interested in the economic aspects of abolition this book will provoke speculation on the parallel that existed between Brazil and the U.S. southern states. In Brazil we see an essentially agricultural country following a slow process of emancipation, profiting by the example of the post-Civil War period in the United States. Brazilian emancipators for many decades held the same fears that had prompted so many southerners here to wish for a gradual elimination of slavery.

For that reason Nabuco devoted all his energies for some thirty-odd years to the achievement of his goal. And he surmounted all obstacles. But he made sacrifices. He turned down official posts, feeling that influence was "worth much more than position." Anything that might interfere with his struggle for the humanitarian cause was tossed aside.

It was not until 1888, with the signing of the "Law of the 13th of May," that he saw his beloved country

cleansed of the black stain of slavery. Nabuco was then free to engage in his many other pursuits with renewed tenacity. He played an important role in the founding of the Brazilian Academy of Letters. He wrote incessantly. He lectured. He was honored with high-ranking diplomatic assignments, culminating his career as the first Brazilian Ambassador to the United States. In this connection, it may come as a surprise to most readers to learn that Nabuco referred to himself as "a Monroist of . . . pronounced leanings." He died in Washington, in 1910, an ardent admirer of the U.S. people, leaving among his intimate friends men like Elihu Root and Theodore Roosevelt.

This biography of a great man by his daughter could not be expected to be a dispassionate narrative. It is, however, a truly valuable human document.—*Mary Cenira Oram*

THE LIFE OF JOAQUIM NABUCO, by Carolina Nabuco. Translated and edited by Ronald Hilton. Stanford, California, Stanford University Press, 1950. 373 p. \$5.00



## VATICAN DIPLOMACY

IN WRITING ON the first nuncios in Brazil, Hildebrando Accioly, who was Brazilian Ambassador to the Holy See during World War II, had access to the documents and letters in the Vatican's secret archives. When he returned home, he completed his research by delving into the records of Itamaraty, the Brazilian Foreign Office. As a result, not only has much hitherto unpublished material come to light, but the reader is given intimate and significant glimpses of Brazil's emergence as an independent nation. For in their confidential reports the papal envoys dwell on the human as well as on the political items of the day.

By drawing skillfully from these sources, Dr. Accioly, who is now Brazilian Ambassador to the OAS, offers the reader a behind-the-scenes view of historical events, with comments from independent observers on revealing matters like the price and quality of food, public and private morality, how to purchase a carriage on 24-hours' notice. We are told about Prince Metternich and the repercussions of world affairs in Rio de Janeiro, but we are also told about the smells of Rio's streets. (Brazil's capital was then a small, backward city, of which one of the papal envoys gives a vivid, disapproving description.)

Covering, as it does, the important years that immediately preceded and followed the birth of Brazil as an empire, this book throws much light on political and

diplomatic events involving not only Brazil and Portugal, but other European nations also.

Thus, the first Papal Nuncio in Rio de Janeiro, Monsignor Lorenzo Caleppi, appointed by Pope Pius VII in 1801 to be his representative in Lisbon, became actively involved in the turmoil of the Napoleonic era, and finally found himself in Brazil—through his own determined efforts and by courtesy of the British Navy. When in 1807 Napoleon ordered the invasion of Portugal to deny England her remaining foothold on the Continent, the King and the Court fled to Portugal's opulent and welcoming colony across the Atlantic, but in the haste and disorder of the departure the Pope's representative was left behind.

Msgr. Caleppi was not dismayed by this. He spent a few uneasy months in a Lisbon occupied by French troops, although his personal acquaintance with the commanding general, Junot, and with his wife, made the Monsignor's stay pleasant enough. Still, Junot would not let him rejoin the Portuguese king in Rio de Janeiro, so Msgr. Caleppi finally decided on an adventurous escape on a small boat, to join a frigate of the blockading British fleet off Lisbon.

He was taken to Plymouth, and the British Government arranged transportation to Brazil. Before leaving, Msgr. Caleppi wrote to George Canning, the Foreign Minister, on the Pope's plight as a prisoner of Napoleon. That same day, June 29, 1808, Canning answered him:

Sir:

In acknowledging the Letter which you have done me the Honour to address to me, and which I have not failed to lay before the King, I am commanded to assure you of the sincere Interest which His Majesty takes in the present Situation and Sufferings of the Pope; and of His Desire to contribute to their alleviation. In pursuance of this Disposition, and of the Request contained in your Letter, I have the Honour to inform you that Orders are already sent to the Commander in Chief of His Majesty's Fleet in the Mediterranean to avail himself of any practicable Opportunity of providing for the Safety of the Person of the Pope, and of any of the Cardinals, who may be able to find their way to a place of Embarkation, by receiving them on board the British Fleet and conveying them to Sicily.

I have the Honour to be, with the highest Respect and Consideration,

Sir, Your Excellency's most obedient humble servant  
(s) George Canning

Thus the first Papal Nuncio in Brazil arrived with this background of delicate negotiations, in the best diplomatic traditions of the Vatican. Msgr. Caleppi's successors were to maintain these high diplomatic standards, keeping the Vatican's Secretary of State accurately informed. For example, the description of the abdication of Pedro I in 1831 by Msgr. Ostini, the nuncio at that time, is remarkable for its clarity and conciseness, and the way it conveys so much, in one short paragraph, about the complex psychology of the first emperor:

"The Emperor decided to abdicate voluntarily, to avoid being forced to do so, and he constantly refused to use troops, especially foreign troops [British and French naval squadrons were in the harbor of Rio at the time], insisting that he would not break the Constitution,

since he wanted to end his reign as a constitutional monarch, the way he had begun it."

This book undoubtedly throws new light on crucial developments of Brazil's early independence history. But because the author, with an eye for the picturesque, illuminating detail, and a gift for easy, flowing narrative, has made it eminently readable, it surely ought to reach a circle of readers beyond the scholars and researchers.—*Hernane Tavares de Sá*  
*Os PRIMEIROS NÚNCIOS NO BRASIL*, by Hildebrando Accioly. São Paulo, Instituto Progresso Editorial (IPE), 1949. 329 p. Illus.

## TELEVISION (Continued from page 20)

of the air." Obviously, such a program would be tremendously effective on television.

Visionaries in the U.S. television industry look even farther ahead to the time when TV may be feasible between nations, over ocean and mountain barriers. Following a statement by David Sarnoff, chairman of the board of the Radio Corporation of America, that transatlantic television "is not impossible," industry men have been expressing high hopes that TV may soon be a new link for the Americas. They are confident that Latin American governments and TV station owners can collaborate in programs to make known, first within their own borders and eventually to other countries, their achievements in agriculture, public works, and commerce, as well as their art treasures, native music, and fiestas.

Some day a New Yorker or a Californian may be able to tune in on Carnival in Rio or the Teatro Colón in Buenos Aires. Consider the impact abroad of a televised U.S. Government program, giving not only the "voice" of North America, but its face as well.

The industry leaders who make these attractive forecasts are apt to be nonplussed when asked why U.S. television audiences cannot see some of these wonderful things now, if not by direct telecast, at least through documentary moving pictures, travelogues, and the like, which must be available by the thousands. The answer is that although some of this film material is shown, U.S. advertisers do not feel there is sufficient mass appeal in it to sell soap, hats, and toothpaste. Thus the industry is a little dubious about who will pay for this rosy tomorrow, since any U.S. Government effort to influence radio and television programs is sure to bring anguished cries of bureaucratic interference from "free-enterprisers."

The best way to improve U.S. television shows is for the public to stand up and say what it wants and does not want. For the progress that has been made in television programs was provoked by public outcry in the press, from the pulpit, and in the schoolroom. The more controversy there is, the greater the forward strides.

For Latin Americans embarking on television, United States TV audiences have a special piece of advice: be critical and vocal to advertisers and station managers. By using a firm hand, you may unhitch Pegasus from the junk cart so he can carry us all to new realms of pleasure and understanding.

# oas

## FOTO FLASHES

Mike Lever (left), PAU Press Chief, shows George S. Sawyer around PAU buildings during the well-known Pittsburgh Courier columnist's recent visit



Students from the Engineering School of Columbia's National University in Bogotá stop at the PAU on their observation tour of eastern universities and TVA installations

OAS Council Chairman Luis Quintanilla speaks at the San Martín Centennial Celebration held at the PAU July 7 sponsored by the Aterco Americans. On the platform (l. to r.) are: Peruvian OAS Ambassador Juan Bautista de Lavalle; Honduran Ambassador to the United States and Aterco founder, Dr. Rafael Heliodoro Valle; Argentine Ambassador Jerónimo Remorino; American University professor Harold E. Davis; and PAU Cultural Affairs Director, Dr. Jorge Basadre



Dr. Héctor David Castro, Salvadorean Ambassador to the United States, deposits ratification of the Pact of Bogotá and the OAS Charter on Sept. 11. Watching are OAS Secretary General Lleras and (standing l. to r.) OAS Assistant Secretary General Munguía; Dr. Juan Felipe Yruatí, First Secretary of the Uruguayan Embassy; Dr. Jaime Acevedo Rodríguez, Alternate Brazilian OAS Representative; Dr. Carlos Serrano García, Second Secretary of the Salvadorean Embassy, and Dr. Charles Fenwick, Director of the PAU International Law and Organization Department



Dr. Arturo Ludueña, Argentine Alternate OAS Representative, deposits ratification of Rio Treaty on August 21. Seated are (left) OAS Council Chairman Luis Quintanilla, and (right) OAS Secretary General Lleras. Standing (l. to r.) are OAS Assistant Secretary General Munguía; Dr. Raul Gurriza, Secretary of the Argentine OAS Delegation; Mr. Alfred Nulve, U. S. Representative to the Inter-American Economic and Social Council; Dr. René Lévesque, Venezuelan OAS Ambassador; Lic. Alfonso Cortina, Economic Counselor of the Mexican OAS Delegation; Sr. Andrés Fenuchio, Secretary of the Mexican Delegation; and Dr. Fenwick

Conversing at Sept. 11 opening of PAU exhibit of iconography and editions of Popul Vuh, ancient Maya sacred book, are co-sponsors Lic. Antonio Guabaud-Carrera, Guatemalan Ambassador to the United States (center) and OAS Council Chairman Quintanilla (right), with (l. to r.) OAS Secretary General Lleras, Brazilian OAS Ambassador Hildebrando Accioly, and Brazilian Ambassador to the United States Maurício Naves



## WAR AND THE U.S. PEOPLE *(Continued from page 5)*

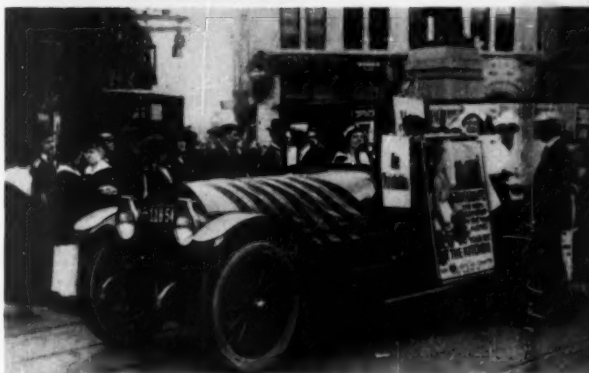
true all through the nineteenth century, and it is true today. In the Revolution our feeble army opposed ingenuity to the professional spirit of the British—they fought behind trees, rocks, breastworks, used the tactics of Indian fighting, relied on superior marksmanship. In the War of 1812 the British marched in martial array on New Orleans; Jackson threw up breastworks and fought from behind them. Jackson's losses were trifling; the British were almost annihilated. The Civil War was, in many respects, the first modern war. It was the first war in which the railroad and the telegraph played a decisive part; the first that revealed the possibilities of wire entanglements, balloons, submarines, ironclads, and other modern instruments of warfare. In the end the North won that war by vast superiority of manpower, weapons, and equipment. In World War I it was U.S. productive capacity that helped turn the tide; in World War II the United States was, in fact, the arsenal of democracy. Here, again, it was not only massive production that insured victory, but resourcefulness and ingenuity: the jeep, the "Duck," the C-47 transport plane, the proximity fuze, and a hundred other weapons and machines testified to that. In the end the Manhattan Project symbolized both inventiveness and productive capacity.

Yet it is important to remember that though North Americans prefer to fight with the best equipment—and who does not—they can fight without it. The Confederates, after all, lacked both men and equipment but fought as well as the Federals. Some foreigners have never understood this. Goering, for example, was sure that the U.S. people were soft; they could make electric iceboxes, he said, but not planes. Similarly, in 1917 Kaiser Wilhelm and his advisers dismissed the United States as negligible: its people couldn't get into the war in time to make any difference, and besides, they were soft and couldn't fight. Even some Englishmen, so Churchill tells us, feared that the U.S. people weren't up to the demands of modern war. "But," he says, "I had studied the American Civil War, fought out to the last desperate inch," and "I went to bed and slept the sleep of the saved and the thankful." In short—and it seems a trite thing to say—when the North American is aroused and engaged in a fight in which he believes, he fights with indomitable courage; if potential enemies are not familiar with Shiloh and Antietam, Chickamauga and the Wilderness, they might remember Bataan and Bastogne.

Two observations about our character and habits in peace-making—or in reconstruction—are relevant. North Americans are not a vindictive people, nor are they cankered by that sense of insecurity and inferiority that requires the ostentatious display of power or signs of triumph. They have never, therefore, imposed harsh terms on defeated enemies, nor have they nursed grievances against the defeated. The wars with England and the war with Mexico may be alleged as exceptions to this generalization, but actually they are not. The Civil



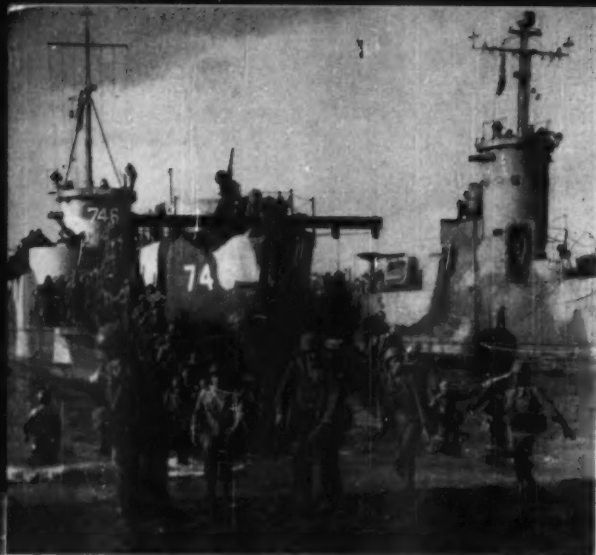
*U. S. came late into World War I. AEF troops man anti-aircraft gun in France*



*World War I economic adjustments were left mainly to voluntary action*



*Right: U. S. A. was arsenal of democracy in World War II: steel making in Chicago*



*U.S. ingenuity developed new weapons, landing craft, techniques in World War II: troops go ashore in Philippines, 1945*

War in the United States was as bitter a conflict as any of its kind in modern history, but at the end no punishments were imposed on the defeated South, and no leader of the rebellion lost his life as a penalty for his conduct. In 1898 the United States stripped Spain of many of her island possessions, but these were acquired as part of a program of ultimate liberation rather than as part of a program of imperialism. World War I brought the United States no material rewards; World War II has cost the United States far more in relief and rehabilitation costs than it brought in new possessions. Nor was there, after either of these wars, any abiding sense of hostility to the defeated. In all this North Americans are much like the English: they have a sentimental feeling for the underdog; they do

not harbor grudges; and they have short historical memories.

Closely connected with this is another characteristic—perhaps even a principle. As U.S. citizens have had little experience in imperialism and regard wars as eccentric interruptions in the normal business of life, so they are not very competent in the business of occupation or administration of enemy countries. The North Americans have no tradition of colonial administration like that of the English, for example, nor is it customary, in the United States, for the first families and the best brains to go into foreign service. Few North Americans like service abroad, in any capacity. They want to come home. This applies equally to the private soldier, the general, the civil administrator, the educator, and even the engineer or the businessman. Behind the antipathy for foreign service is a basic distrust of all that is involved in it—a distrust of the principle of imperialism or of colonialism or even of military occupation. The military occupation of the South after the Civil War was brief and unsatisfactory. The U.S. part of the military occupation of Germany after the First World War was equally brief and almost equally unsatisfactory. Nor has the situation been notably better after World War II. All this is what should be expected given U.S. experiences, U.S. traditions and habits of mind.

This, too, may be in process of change. With the rise to world power, the United States has become, inevitably, a colonial power and an occupying power. It cannot escape responsibility for other countries—and not only for former enemy countries. It is even now in process of developing a greatly expanded foreign service—military, political, economic, and technological. The Marshall Plan, the Atlantic Pact, the requirements of Point Four—all these will necessitate the development of a tradition of foreign service and the creation of a class of officials trained to the varied tasks of occupation, administration, and technological development.

## THE BULLFIGHT IN WASHINGTON

*(Continued from page 13)*

nently in it. As samples of Spanish cabinet-making, two writing desks, richly ornamented and of complicated design, reveal the exquisite refinement of furniture-making in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

The owner of these fine objects is tireless and tenacious in adding to his collection. During World War II, when he was Ambassador to Great Britain, he acquired many of the Spanish works of art that are his most prized possessions today. London has been for centuries the best market of Spanish art, and the responsibility shown by its commercial galleries is an unquestionable guarantee for the amateur buyer. Seeking one or another piece that interested him, Ambassador Berckmeyer several times found himself in auction halls during air raids by German planes. "If I left the place fleeing from the bombs," he related, "I would have run the risk of losing some painting or sculpture that might later be impossible to obtain. Often my wife and I were the only



*Left: U.S. 25th Division Pfc. Joseph Kunka takes a break during U. N. action in Korea*



ones left in the hall—the two people whose presence is required by law to complete the sale—and so, though we ran serious risks, we were free from competition in the purchase.”

Ambassador Berckemeyer sticks to his idea of owning only works that interest him for their intrinsic merit, without regard to the name or influence of the artist. Along with the pictures by great masters of the Spanish school, he brought together works by artists little known outside Spain and sparsely represented in foreign collections. Thus we see an equestrian portrait of Prince Don Luis, by the Granada painter Domingo Chavarito (1676-1750), which conjures up Velázquez’ mounted portrait of the Infante Baltasar Carlos.

In a small room we can enjoy two oils depicting Charles II and Queen Mariana by Palomino Castro de Velasco (1653-1725), a painter who worked along with Carreño and Claudio Coello. Both portraits reveal his competent technique, coupled with the charming atmosphere with which he surrounds and adorns the royal models.

Pedro de Moya (1610-1666) is another Spanish painter who is rarely mentioned. Born in Granada, he went to England, where he joined Van Dyck’s workshop. In the Berckemeyer collection there is a *Madonna and Child* that could be regarded as a work of the Flemish school. Likewise little known is Juan de Arellano (1614-1676), a painter who, without leaving Castile, assimilated the style of the Netherlands in his pictures of flowers and still lifes, which he humbly sold in his own little shop in Madrid.

These comparatively unknown artists lead us to the work of some of the great figures of the Golden Age of Spanish painting. We find a large Murillo, a life-size *Immaculate Conception*, which, though it corresponds to his most sentimental and popular period, is a worthy example of the Sevillian painter and would deserve a distinguished place in the most exacting museum. The same is true of the extraordinary portrait of a religious musician, which, in my opinion, may be one of the best examples of Zurbarán in the United States. This canvas belongs to a period when the great Andalusian painter was not so strongly attracted to the effects of chiaroscuro, for which he is generally known. On the contrary, it shows a calm focus on the subject, carried out with an impasto and luminosity that reveal the best of that realism which reached its highest aesthetic quality in the hands of the Spaniards.

Two canvases representing, respectively, the Duke of Olivares (a replica of the one in the Hermitage Museum, Leningrad) and the mulatto Juan de Pareja, Velázquez’ slave and assistant (whose original is today in a private collection in England), are copies, possibly done in the same period as the originals, by disciples of the creator of the Infantas, and they may be attributed to Velázquez’ workshop.

Of Goya, in addition to the items mentioned in the taurophile section of the collection, we see a portrait of Lucien Bonaparte and four sketches in ink, done with the vigor of line and synthetic expression that charac-

terize his drawings. In Goya the draftsman we also note a search for tonal values, subtle gradations of monochrome that had been lost since the era of the great Oriental draftsmen. Particularly interesting here is one of witches, from the period of nightmarish compositions that made him, in the words of André Malraux, “the greatest interpreter of anguish the West has known.” Again complementing Goya, we come upon another Lucas. This time he is picturing *Sancho Panza and his Ass*, a fine oil that reminds us of Daumier, already on the path leading to impressionism.

For the unusual attraction of its taurophile specialty and for these works I have mentioned at random, Ambassador Berckemeyer’s collection constitutes a refined nucleus of the best plastic expression of Spain. I look forward eagerly to the day when it will be permanently installed in the transparent light of Lima for the enjoyment of the people. That day, Latin America will have gained another victory in the effort to preserve the best examples of the spirit of Spain.

#### SONG OF BRAZIL (Continued from page 16)

Brazilian recording, the composer asked me what I thought of it. “I like the music, Maestro, but I am not so enthusiastic about the player,” I replied. Villa-Lobos grinned. “I am the player,” he retorted.

After getting the feel of the minstrel quality of improvisation in the guitar pieces, turn to the piano compositions. *Suite No. 1—The Child’s Family*, performed by Artur Rubinstein, is delightful, and no one can fail to like the *Brazilian Doll* or *Polichenelle*. Also for keyboard are *The Three Marys*, played by Guiomar Novaes and the nine *Brazilian Folk Songs* she recorded. One is reminded of Liszt’s arrangements of Schubert’s songs. Villa-Lobos has transferred the essential character of folk songs to the piano—no mean accomplishment.

From this, turn to a straight song and enjoy the eerie *Canção do Carreiro* (*Song of the Oxcart Driver*), brilliantly sung by the late Elsie Houston. The *Bachianas* show an unusual mixture of folksong and classicism, No. 5 for soprano and eight celli sung by Bidu Sayão being one of the loveliest pieces of pure sound written in the twentieth century. Finally, I would recommend one of the great *Chôros*, a magnificent synthesis of dynamic energy, Brazilian melody and tropical color, and European orchestration.

*Chôros No. 10*, the most expressively Brazilian of the series, is scored for a large orchestra with a mixed chorus. Villa-Lobos describes its program in these words: “This work represents the state of a civilized human being face to face with nature. He beholds the valleys of the Amazon, and the vast interior of Goiás, Mato Grosso, and Pará. He is awed by the vastness and the majesty of the universe. The sky, the waters, the woods, and the kingdom of birds overwhelm him. He feels as one with the life of the people. Even though they are savages, their songs express longing and love. He responds to the eternal rhythms of nature and humanity. The Brazilian song *Rasga o coração* is heard, and with it the Brazilian heart palpitates in unison with

the Brazilian earth." The crescendo on the unison of the trumpets in *Chôros No. 10*, according to Villa-Lobos, is supposed to convey the impression of the multiple echoes that resound in Amazon valleys. The solos in the woodwinds are based on native themes, which in turn are imitations of the melodious cries of jungle birds.

In the United States, Villa is equally at home in California or New York. Fond of good food, he is a frequent visitor at the Spanish restaurant Fornos in Manhattan. During one of his U.S. trips he was at work on the opera *Magdalena*, which, incidentally, is set in Colombia. A number of his friends felt that the libretto was not so judiciously selected as it might have been. But the composer confidently brushed their criticisms aside. "Opera librettos have always been bad. If the music is good, it will carry the libretto, no matter what the plot," he insisted. In spite of his opinion and *Magdalena's* several months' run in New York, I feel that a different book might have produced infinitely more successful results.

To those he likes, Villa-Lobos is a good friend; but he is so unimpressed by other celebrities that he will go out of his way to avoid them. His greatest delight is to work hard, with the help of his wife—Arminda Neves de Almeida—and colleague José Vieira Brandão.

When Villa-Lobos was hospitalized in New York, I was once again deeply impressed by the man's ebullient optimism. There was nothing to indicate that he was not in the best of spirits, although actually he was suffering acutely. Such drive and inner strength help at least in part to explain this extraordinary man. Only recently, Olin Downes wrote of him in commenting on the *Chôros No. 7*: "Villa-Lobos appears as a primitive in his jungle, hearing a savage keenness of sounds that other composers have not heard, or been able to record on paper, and seeing exotic colors which civilization little knows, writing with a primitive joy and spontaneity, yet with unique mastery and vividness of tint."

Of all the composers I have known, Villa-Lobos is perhaps the most naturally gifted. His is an undisciplined genius—but it is genius. And the kind that will outlast the twentieth century.

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BACHIANAS BRASILEIRAS No. 1 for eight 'cellos, *Brazilian Festival Orchestra under Bartle May*, Victor 17966 7 in Album M-773.  
BACHIANAS BRASILEIRAS No. 5 for soprano and eight 'cellos, *Bida Savão, soprano, with orchestra under Heitor Villa-Lobos*, Columbia 171670-D.  
NINE BRAZILIAN FOLK SONGS (from the School Collection) (arr. *Guimar Novaes*), *Guimar Novaes, piano*, Columbia 17485-D in Album M-692.  
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- No. 2, Little Paper Doll; No. 3, Brazilian Doll; No. 5, Gingerbread Man; No. 6, Poor Little Rag Doll; No. 7, Punch; No. 8, Little Witch Doll), *Artur Rubinstein, piano*, Victor Album M-970. Nos. 1, 2 and 6 only, *Guimar Novaes, piano*, Columbia 17355-D.  
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DANÇAS CARACTERÍSTICAS AFRICANAS, FRTAPs only, *Maria Antonia de Castro, piano*, Pathé (France) PAT 109; Columbia P69601-D.  
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SAUDADES DAS SELVAS BRASILEIRAS No. 2, only, *Erno Balogh, piano*, In Continental Album A-103, *George Copland, piano*, Victor 2111.  
BACHIANAS BRASILEIRAS No. 2, Aria ("On a Song of Our Country") and Tocatta ("The Little Train of the Capira") only, *Janssen Symphony Orchestra of Los Angeles under Werner Janssen*, Capitol LP L8043, 10"; 89-80151, 12" 64-80151; 45 RPM, 7".  
CANTILENA No. 3; VIOLA, *Frederick Fuller (Baritone) and Heitor Villa-Lobos, piano*, HMV B9700.  
CHÔROS No. 10 ("RASCAL O CORAÇÃO") *Janssen Symphony Orchestra of Los Angeles and the Los Angeles Oratorio Society under Werner Janssen*, Capitol LP L8043, 10"; EBL-8042 2, 12"; KBM-8042 2 45 RPM, 7".  
CONCERTO FOR PIANO AND ORCHESTRA, *Ellen Ballou with the Suisse Romande Orchestra under Ernest Ansermet*, London LP L1P77, 12".  
IMPRESSÕES SERENESTERAS: A Maré Encheu; Passa Passa, Gavião; Pobre Cêga; O Pinto de Cannahy; Alma Brasileira, *Ellen Ballou, piano*, London LP LPS85, 10".  
QUARTET No. 6 IN E MAJOR FOR STRINGS, *Stuyvesant Quartet, Concert Hall Society*, LP CHC 19, 12", *Hollywood Quartet*, Capitol LP P8054, 12".  
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SERESTAS, No. 5, Modinha; No. 6, Na Paz do Outono; No. 8, Canção do Carreiro; No. 9, Abril; No. 10, Desejo, *Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano, with orchestra under Heitor Villa-Lobos*, Columbia Album X-249. No. 8, Canção do Carreiro only, *Elsie Houston, soprano, with Pablo Miguel, piano*, Victor 17969 in Album M-773.  
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SUITE FLORAL, No. 3, Joy in the Garden only, *Artur Rubinstein, piano*, Victor 11-8600 in Album M-970.

# KNOW YOUR NEIGHBORS ?

Answers on Page 47

1. Weirdly misshapen divi-divi trees, bent by the trade winds on the largest island of the Netherlands West Indies. Can you name it?

2. This 267-unit middle-income San Martín development is part of a drive for better workers' housing in \_\_\_\_\_, capital of Venezuela.

3. Distinguished contemporary Cuban editor, author, anthropologist, and lecturer, pictured with his daughter and pet Dalmatian. Is he José Martí, Carlos Prio Socarrás, or Fernando Ortiz?

4. Metal being readied for a shipment is destined to go into electric wiring, building fixtures, and automobile parts. Would you say these bars from Oroya, Peru, are tin, copper, or silver?

5. Colombia's second seaport ships a large share of the country's oil and coffee, was a glittering stronghold of the Spanish Empire. Is it Cali, Cartagena, Medellín, or Barranquilla?

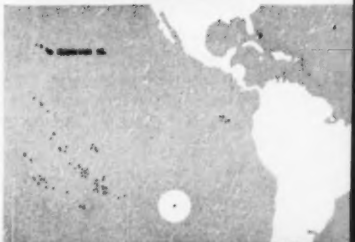
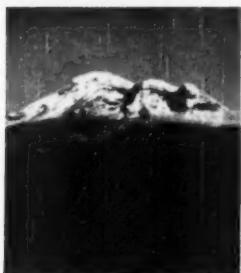
6. Modern urban primary school in El Salvador. Some countries like Cuba offer eight years of primary education, but El Salvador offers the number usual in most of Latin America—three or six years?

7. Highest of Ecuador's fifteen major volcanic peaks (largest group in South America) stands 20,600 feet and can be seen from Guayaquil and Quito on a clear day. Is it Chimborazo or Conos?

8. Well-known Irish-born U.S. politician who has visited Mexico, speaks fluent Spanish, and was recently named for a post in Latin America. Can you identify the man and his post?

9. Busy waterfront scene at a onetime rubber boom town in Brazil on the Rio Negro, which empties into the nearby Amazon. Is it Belém, Manaus, or Fortaleza?

10. Easter Island, shown on the map, is known for its remarkable monolithic sculpture and burial platforms of uncertain origin. What country owns it?



## TWENTIETH CENTURY BOLIVIAN LETTERS

(Continued from page 23)

The Searchers started from a painful, adverse reality, but their orderly work, conquering the difficulties of the environment, led to an optimistic, organic structure. Between 1900 and 1925 they produced a rich and varied body of work, remarkable for its freedom of spirit and its solid scientific research. Those were the years of the governments of Montes and Saavedra (Montes ruled directly or indirectly for twenty years, Saavedra, only five), when the nation began to rise, slowly but surely, out of social chaos.

If to understand the embryonic stages of Bolivian culture in the nineteenth century we must turn to our classic writers—Aguirre, Moreno, Villamil de Rada, Aspiazu, Vaca Guzmán, Terrazas, Jaimes, Baptista—to appreciate the brusque insurgency of our national thought in the first half of the twentieth century we must consult the works of the school of the Searchers. In it a new concept of life was born, along with a spirit of analysis and a capacity for introspection that have still not been surpassed. They are thoughtful, original, painstaking writers. And if they failed to escape the transcendentalist trend of the time it was because they had not known the destructive drama of the two World Wars.

Following the Searchers came the Eclectics, a group that includes the so-called Generation of the Centenary, for a flowering of new ideas and exotic authors burst forth in 1925. This literary school was born under the sign of arbitrariness: each one would do what he pleased and none be bothered with the others. Exoticism, cosmopolitanism, vanguardism—a yearning for universality and for escape. The Eclectics ferreted out everything—the classics, the moderns, good literature and bad. They had not yet exhausted the influence of Ibsen and D'Annunzio when they ran off bewitched after Spengler and Freud. They read Pirandello, Giraudoux, Azorín. They philosophized with Ortega, traveled with Morand, made novels with Farrère, Lorrain, and Valle Inclán. In philosophy they followed Keyserling; in art, Picasso; in the essay, Waldo Frank. They did not bother to seek out basic routes, rather they grabbed threads at random. The first Proustians appeared, and the worshippers of Valle Inclán, the imitators of Jean Cocteau and Max Jacob.

The Eclectics were valuable for their renovating drive, for their restless, never-satisfied searching, for the idealistic, though short-lived, breath of their creative ability. With the exception of Otero, none of them turned into a great writer. They were satisfied to end up as politicians, diplomats, journalists. But their work of innovation plowed a wide furrow for national thought. They renewed, awakened, hurled out ideas, and put new literary forms in circulation.

Gustavo Adolfo Otero, a writer by profession, covers all the genres: history, the essay, criticism, the novel, humor, sociology. His work is of uneven quality, but always interesting and suggestive. His most important book is *Figura y Carácter del Indio* (*Figure and Char-*



When Bolivians write of the future, they look to the fertile, untapped regions around the Beni River

acter of the Indian). Also worthy of special mention are *La Vida Social del Colonaje* (*Social Life in the Colonial Period*), *Biografía de Murillo*, and his numerous critical and sociological essays. He has written several textbooks.

Juan Capriles and Luis Felipe Lira, sonneteers, were outstanding among the poets. José Eduardo Guerra is subjective, pessimistic, in the manner of Kirkegaard and Quental. (Guerra is the author of a fair novel and an excellent prose work, *Itinerario Espiritual de Bolivia*). Other good poets were Claudio Peñaranda, Antonio José de Sainz, José Enrique Viaña. And most notable of all, Guillermo Viscarra Fabre. If chronologically he belongs with the Eclectics, his Vernacular tendency places him in the country's new nativist school. Viscarra Fabre is a real poet in his potent originality and in the great beauty of his style.

The outpourings of the theater did not get into books. They were quick works, fleetingly performed and rarely printed. But we should note the theater of thesis of Enrique Baldivieso, the *costumbrista* plays of Angel Salas and Antonio Díaz Villamil, and the comedies of Humberto Palza, Mario Flores, and Nicolás Ortiz Pacheco.

In narrative writing, Adolfo Costa de Rels and Antonio Díaz Villamil were outstanding in the Eclectic group, the first for *Tierras Hechizadas* (*Enchanted Lands*) and *El Embrujo del Oro* (*The Spell of Gold*), the second for the *costumbrista* drama *La Rosita* and the splendid *chola* novel *La Niña de Mis Ojos* (*The Apple of my Eye*). Man Céspedes wrote his *Simbolos Profanos* (*Profane Symbols*) in the manner of Tagore. Alberto de Villegas' *Campana de Plata* (*Silver Bell*) is an evocation of colonial Potosí in Valle-Inclanesque style. Alfredo Flores, a fine *costumbrista* from Santa Cruz, introduced types and customs of the far eastern part of the country. His best work is the novel *La Virgen de las Siete Calles* (*The Virgin of the Seven Streets*). Outstanding essayists were Humberto Palza, Zacarías Monje Ortiz, and Rafael Ballivián.

Carlos Medinaceli, a great writer, is another who escaped the dispersive tendency of the Eclectics. A profound critic, he has discussed many of our national authors and their books in various magazine and news-

paper articles. His work, partly of demolition and partly of re-creation, played an important role in the formation of a mature outlook in Bolivian literature. His *Páginas Críticas* hold many lessons for us, but his best work is the fine *costumbrista* novel *La Chaska-ñauvi*, dealing with the conflict between the *criollo*, of Spanish blood, and the *chola* or *mestiza*.

In the thirties, the Chaco War shook the national soul. It was then that the Vernacular (or nativist) school emerged seeking to exalt our own, to find subjects of social significance and a literary nationalism rooted in the soil and the race. It wanted to create a typically Bolivian literature.

After a lapse of thirty years, our writers returned to the ideas of Tamayo and Mendoza: to go back to our ancestors and environment. Roberto Prudencio, a philosopher and thinker, laid the foundation for the Indianist renaissance in his essays, but unfortunately never wrote a full-length book. Guillermo Francovich, another philosopher and essayist, pointed to "a mysticism of the land" and a return to "*Pachamama*" (Mother Earth) as the new roads for the aesthetic reawakening to follow, with a social content. *La Filosofía en Bolivia* is his best book. *Kollasuyo*, a periodical edited by Roberto Prudencio and published from 1936 to 1946, brought together the best collection of studies on the vernacular subjects; they made new evaluations of the past and brought present problems into sharp focus.

In poetry, Campero Echazú expressed the soul of Tarija. Otero Reiche the feeling of Santa Cruz, Jesús Lara the tenderness of the Cochabamba Valleys, Canedo Reyes the Aymará passion. Oscar Cerruto raised vanguard poetry to a level of subtlety. Yolanda Bedregal is pure lyricism. Here we must also mention the fine Vernacular poetry of Guillermo Viscarra, and two audacious young men, Gustavo Medinaceli and Julio de la Vega.

Augusto Guzmán has found a place as a novelist with *La Sima Fecunda* (*The Fertile Upland*), Jesús Lara with *Surumi*, Cerruto with *Aluvión de Fuego* (*Wash of Fire*). Then there are Max Mendoza's *Sol de Justicia*, Juan Coimbra's *Siringa* (*Rubber*), Botelho Gosálvez' *Altiplano* (*High Plateau*), and Augusto Céspedes' *Sangre de Mestizo* (*Mestizo Blood*)—the best book of tales to come out of the Chaco War.

These writers and story tellers are building the Vernacular school on deep and true observation of Bolivia as it is, not as it ought to be. They are producing social criticism and introspective psychology. With keen perception they study man and his environment. It is a revolutionary trend allied with certain political, indigenous, and people's movements, all striving to awaken the forgotten man who represents the majority of the population. Their roots were in influences that came from Mexico, Peru, Ecuador; but they are genuinely Andean in their manner of stating problems and solving them, in the way they clothe social subject matter in aesthetic garb.

In this period there has also been a great spread of the biographical genre. This is not only because of the

influence of Ludwig, Zweig, Maurois, and Strachey. There is also the natural desire to know and tell the story of our own important figures. Man is studied in relation to his environment and his time. The biographers have done well with the analytical method and in the beauties of style. Among the best are Augusto Guzmán, with his excellent works on Baptista and Tupac-Katari; Manuel Frontaura Argandoña, author of *Linares* and *El Precursor*; Alfonso Crespo, who has written a great biography, *Santa Cruz, el Cóndor Indio*; and Humberto Guzmán, with his study *Esteban Arze, Caudillo de los Valles*.

Outstanding in the field of essays are Roberto Prudencio, Guillermo Francovich, Rodolfo Salamanca, Carlos Dorado Chopitea, Gonzalo Romero, Gunnar Mendoza, José Enrique Viaña, and especially Rafael Reyes, the author of two very important books on the Indian problem, *Caquiaviri* and *El Pongueaje*. Francovich's *Supay* and *Pachamama* are works of humanistic culture interwoven with the theme of the native. Humberto Vásquez Machicado is a worthy critic and essayist. Enrique Miralles, essayist and journalist, has a very sharp pen. Joaquín Gantier devotes himself to the drama.

Céspedes, Humberto Guzmán, Botelho Gosálvez, Díaz Machicao, Blym, Leiton, Pacheco, Walter Montenegro, and Kempff Mercado are all good short-story writers. The Vernacular school has produced many others worthy of note whom I have not mentioned for lack of space and to avoid confusion.

All of this has been in the purely literary field. But if we could include publicists and scholars devoted to specialized tasks—historians, students of international affairs, scientists, economists, educators, politicians—we would have a much wider view of our intellectual life.

From 1900 to 1950 Bolivian literature grew noticeably in quantity, quality, and diversity. Many works of our national authors of this century could and should figure among American classics, and I believe that in the future we will produce books that will blaze trails for the continent. Then the Bolivian's intelligence, imagination, and creative perseverance will open new horizons in the literary geography of the New World.

**WATCH FOR . . .**  
*"Latin Americans in Israel"*

**Next Issue**

**Answers to Quiz on page 45**

1. Curaçao
2. Caracas
3. Fernando Ortiz
4. Copper
5. Cartagena
6. Six years
7. Chimborazo
8. New York's Mayor William O'Dwyer, Ambassador-designate to Mexico
9. Manaus
10. Chile



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### A PARAGUAYAN APPROVES

Dear Sir:

I have read with delight your article "Guaraní Spoken Here" published in the July AMERICAS. As a Paraguayan, I wish to acknowledge the affection and understanding with which the author, John McAdams, approached the subject. It is difficult to include in a short magazine piece material of the scope of your article, but he has managed it well.

... Concerning the joint U.S.-Paraguayan missions, I believe they help very effectively to consolidate the national economy. But are they really joint, like the Joint Commission for the Eradication of Foot-and-Mouth Disease, with one director from the U.S. and another from Mexico? This is something that should be corrected for the good of all. ... STICA, SCISP, and SCIDE are the best ambassadors the U.S.A. has in Paraguay. But wouldn't it be better to have them under really joint direction like that of Gen. H. Johnson and Flores in the anti-afosa campaign in Mexico? Here it appears that Mexico fulfills the thesis of Frank Tannenbaum: "Mexico is the anvil on which the foreign policy of the U.S. has been hammered out!"

McAdams didn't fail to point out the concentration of people in the eastern region. It is an economic [and] social problem, and a continual political danger (communism). This excessive concentration of our rural population—approximately 80 per cent—[occupies] a semicircular stretch of land whose radius extends between Paraguari and Asunción, and which is only a twentieth of our territorial extension.

Unfortunately, the author's hope that we would discover oil has been disproved. The exploratory work of the Union Oil Company only fed our hopes. Today, this company has left Paraguay. All that is left for us to forge a better life with is cattle and tapioca, genuine symbols of our agriculture.

In the same issue of AMERICAS I read with approval and interest ... the articles "Afosa Takes a Beating," "What of Our Indian G.I.?", and "Latin American Trainers," in which my countryman Lezcano is mentioned. The [reference to] "unaccustomed stints of manual labor" puts me in mind of what Prof. Lynn Smith, author of a book on Brazilian sociology, told us at a lecture in Belo Horizonte, Minas Gerais: "Strange how little students use their hands."

This magnificent bond of practical Pan-Americanism—I refer to AMERICAS—brings us closer together and stimulates us to work for a better America with renewed eagerness, each issue telling us what to do to make it real and effective.

G. L. Artecona  
College Station, Texas

### TOURIST DOLLARS

Dear Sir:

You are doing an excellent job with AMERICAS, both as to content and as to presentation and layout. I read with special interest the article "Who'll Get the Tourist Dollar?" by Francisco J. Hernández [August, English edition], and agree that there is

terrific tourist potential in Latin America. However, I think it is going to take something really spectacular to arouse interest. Comparing statistics on European versus L. A. travel points up the problem, but doesn't answer it. Hernández' suggestions are good, and certainly I have no "pat" answer. I'm beginning to think perhaps it is a state of mind amongst us Northerners, rather than the state of sanitation, for example, in L. A. If the barrier is chiefly this state of mind (bred from ignorance of L. A.) your magazine is doing a good job of penetrating the wall.

In the summer of 1948 my husband and I participated in a scheme for arousing tourist interest in Peru. Perhaps you heard of their letter-writing contest, "Why I want to go to Peru," sponsored by the Peruvian Tourist Corporation. Most happily for us, I was the winner, and we haven't recovered yet!

Though I realize our two-week visit must have been terribly expensive for them, I wish somehow that they could know what it has meant to us. We are slowly (for financial reasons—slowly) building up a collection of Latin records—thanks in part to your column—and enjoy especially those recorded in Peru by the Ethnic Folkways Company. Our Cambridge apartment is hung with photos of Inca ruins, an Indian poncho from Pisac, etc. My husband, a teaching fellow in government at Harvard University, is now finishing his Ph.D. thesis on "Leadership under Planning." He is toying with the idea of making L. A. his specialty, though specialties are a big decision for a college teacher. So you see, the impact of our trip has been considerable.

(Mrs.) Elizabeth D. Hawkins  
Cambridge, Massachusetts

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The Organization of American States is made up of 21 American nations—Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela. Dr. Alberto Lleras Camargo of Colombia is Secretary General; Dr. William Manger of the United States is Assistant Secretary General.

The work of the Organization of American States is carried out by the Inter-American Conference, which meets every five years in a different American capital; the Meetings of Consultation of Ministers of Foreign Affairs, which can be called by any State to study problems of a political nature, or when the peace and security of the continent are affected by a situation to which the Rio Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance is applicable; and the Specialized Conferences on technical aspects of cooperation. The permanent body representing the governments of the hemisphere is the Council of the Organization of American States, which meets in Washington at the Pan American Union building. This Council, composed of a representative from each of the 21 American States, has three technical organs—the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, the Inter-American Council of Jurists, and the Inter-American Cultural Council.

The Pan American Union not only acts as General Secretariat of the Organization, but also carries out many projects of international cooperation in the juridical, economic, social, and cultural fields within the spheres of the respective Councils. The General Secretariat helps in preparations for the Inter-American Conferences, acts as custodian of their documents and archives, serves as depository of instruments of ratification of inter-American agreements, and reports to the Council on the activities of the Organization. Besides AMERICAS, a monthly magazine on inter-American affairs, the Pan American Union also publishes the *Annals of the Organization of American States*, an official quarterly which records the documents of the Inter-American Conferences, the Meetings of Consultation, Council, and the other agencies of the Organization.

Opposite: Corncrib in Morelos, Mexico  
Back cover: Shadows on the sand in Bahia, Brazil



